

The Too Many Faces of Jackie

75¢

(MORE)

**Peter Schrag on
The Boondoggle Boys**

Television's Star Doctor

**A.J. Liebling on
King Kong's Beauty**

RECEIVED SAINT
SERIALS DEPT
XEROX UNIT MICROFILMS
300 NORTH ZEEB RD
ANN ARBOR MI 48106

506

0

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS MAGAZINE?

by Garry Wills

JUNE 1975

CONTENTS

What's Wrong With This Magazine?

Page 6

by Garry Wills

Several things, says the author, who spells them out in some detail after reading a year's worth of [MORE].

Douglass Cater's Secret Mission

Page 10

by Peter Schrag



Boondoggling is a great American pastime, but the Aspen Institute Program on Communications and Society appears to be setting new standards in the art of philanthropoid wheel-spinning.

The Too Many Faces of Jackie

Page 16

[MORE]'s daily cover idea calendar for magazine publishers, editors and art directors.

Nothing Succeeds Like Failure

Page 18

by David M. Rubin

Finally, a challenge gets underway to the 1970 Newspaper Preservation Act, which now guarantees 23 monopolies and may be the biggest legislative hustle in the history of the business.

How To Find Your Most Magnetic Self

Page 22

by Mary McGeachy Nachman

In which the author visits Lilyan Wilder, a leading broadcasting coach, to discover that her head has a tendency to tilt on camera.

AND MORE

Letters

Page 2

Rosebuds

Page 3

Hellbox

Page 4

The Big Apple

Page 28

Furthermore: King Kong's Beauty

Page 31

by A. J. Liebling

For those who have never read him—and those who have—a sample from the work of *The New Yorker's* late press critic on the occasion of the fourth counter convention.

[MORE]

JUNE 1975

Richard Pollak
Editor

Claudia Cohen
Associate Editor

J. Anthony Lukas
Senior Editor

David A. Lusteran
Associate Publisher

Kathy Jones
Advertising
Special Projects

Maureen K. Toolan
Business Manager

Malcolm Frouman
Art Director

Contributing Editors: David Halberstam, Judith Adler Hennessee, Brit Hume, Bob Kuttner, Karl E. Meyer, Marty Norman, Terry Pristin, Joseph Roddy, David M. Rubin, Peter Schrag, Richard Schickel.

[MORE] Volume 5 Number 6 is published monthly by Rosebud Associates, Inc. Subscription rates: 1 year \$10.00, 2 years \$18.00, 3 years \$25.00. All subscription correspondence:

[MORE]
P.O. Box 576
Ansonia Station
New York, New York 10023

All editorial, advertising and other correspondence:

[MORE]
750 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Copyright © 1975 by Rosebud Associates, Inc. 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone: (212) 867-9797. Washington office: 1910 N. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone: (202) 785-0102. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner either in whole or in part without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. [MORE] is a registered trademark. Postmaster: If undelivered, please send form 3573 to [MORE], P.O. Box 576, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT N.Y., N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

LETTERS

Ethical Ghost?

The most revealing section of Joseph Roddy's piece on the so-called checkbook journalism ["Notes On 'The Biggest Bankroll' Theory" —May 1975] and the ethics therein was his own willingness to betray the ethical arrangement he himself was involved in when he freely discussed his ghost-writing assignments for Bing Crosby and others. Ethics? Roddy appears to be the kind of guy who'd not only pay for news; he'd throw his mother under the table in buying a "scoop."

—Robert T. Cloun
Los Angeles, Calif.

Cerebrofunk, Man!

Okay, Lieblings—if somebody asks what's cookin', tell them it's you. You serve up some heavy shit generally—what with all those articles on Hersh and CIA and Haldeman—but you outdid yourselves. I was at Bob's crib gettin' loaded when I eyed the liner notes hypin' a primer on rock criticism ["How To Become A Rock Critic In 7 Easy Lessons"—May 1975]. I picked up on that right away and seeing my name in print was like doing two-n-two of med-grade snow. I've been telling people for years that "free lance rock critic" wasn't just a euphemism for unemployed, and there was my name with guys like Meltzer and the Cristgaus and Williams. It ain't like writin' a cover story for *Stone* but it ain't bad. I mean I wish I was the one that put down that shit. Not only could I use the gig but Deanne Stillman's piece was primo. It read your rag defy hyphenated adjectives. I just wish I could turn up the volume.

—Dave Helland
Iowa City, Iowa

'Defamatory Quotes'

Your article in the Hellbox section of the March issue about the Redford Watergate movie contains a fair share of ugly bigotry directed at "the New York Jew." This stereotyping is despicable, probably inaccurate, and counterproductive to the furthering of liberal values which I'm sure your paper espouses. I believe you should use the freedom of the press to accomplish something useful. The defamatory quotes in the piece had no real literary value and pointlessly conveyed the meaningless back-room talk of ignorant men.

—William M. Schwartz
San Francisco, Calif.

Shea's Rebellion

As much as I enjoy reading [MORE] each month, and also attending the East Coast conventions, I must object to your practice of raising funds by selling your mailing list to charities, political action groups, strictly money-making organizations and the like.

Although I know the high cost of paper and mailing make the cost of a newspaper like [MORE] prohibitive, it still seems unethical to me to sell the names of those who support the magazine with their subscriptions to anyone who can afford to buy them.

Since I started subscribing to [MORE]—which began and propagated the misspelling of my name—I have received appeals from UNICEF, the Kent State committee, the

ACLU and dunning subscription letters from *Working Press of the Nation*—which addressed me "Dear Publicist"—*The Skeptic*, and half a dozen other outfits whom I would rather not hear from . . .

—Joseph P. Shea
New York, N.Y.

Editor's reply: We recognize that some of our subscribers dislike having their name used and we will discontinue doing so upon any individual request, as we have done for Joseph Shea. We recognize, too, that much direct mail solicitation is irritating. We get a lot ourselves. Nevertheless, [MORE] simply would not exist had we been unable to rent lists from other publications and organizations back in 1971 when we started the magazine. Nor would we have been able to build our circulation steadily without these lists. The plain truth is that [MORE] would not stand a chance of surviving without using other lists; it seems only reasonable, therefore, that we reciprocate.

Not Gilly

David Halberstam acknowledges, in the April issue, criticizing Brendan Gill's *Here at The New Yorker* for what it isn't.

Permit me to note what I think it is: writing at once precise and concise, highly literate and quickly readable, thoughtful and witty, stylish and spontaneous—in short, American English consistently entertaining for its finely-honed quality alone, all content aside. The

Feb. 24, 1975 THE NEW YORKER Price 60 cents



book is gossipy, of course. (I am reminded of an elder statesman among newspapermen who once reminded me that "gossip is our business.") But here is a standard of the craft sadly unattained by the most disciplined of our reporters, Halberstam included.

To dismiss Gill as a "society writer" seems to me bitchiness in the extreme. And one might just as well say his is a revealing look at *The New Yorker* thinly disguised as autobiography, as the other way around.

More power to Halberstam if he can produce the different book about *The New Yorker* which he thinks needs to be written, but let him try to write one that keeps the

reader up half the night, with time for chuckling.

—Frank P. L. Somerville
The Sun
Baltimore, Md.

I am obliged to you for presenting David Halberstam's critique of Brendan Gill's graceful book about *The New Yorker* ["Eustace Tilley Revisited"—April 1975]. Halberstam tells Gill what the book *should* have been.

I am obliged because it is a classic example of New Journalism writing; that is, criticizing the cat for not being a dog.

—Jack Orr
New York, N.Y.

Recount

An item in April's Hellbox said that Jack Anderson "will reveal, on request, the names of the approximately 950 papers that take his column, though you may have to come in and copy down the list longhand."

This is not so. Last fall, I tried to obtain the list from Anderson's office in Washington. I wanted to write to all newspapers which carried his column to correct a misleading allegation Anderson had made about oil company profits.

First I called Anderson's office, and was told the list was not given out. Next, I asked a representative from my company's Washington office to stop at Anderson's office and ask in person if we could get the list. He did this and was told emphatically that it would not be given out. No mention was made of copying it longhand. It was not available under any circumstances.

I am interested in how you came by your information that Anderson will reveal the list. Could it be you asked him and he lied to you?

—Bud Davis
Press Relations Assistant
Sun Oil Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bob Kuttner replies: My mistake. When I questioned a Nader spokesman about the columnists' directory, she said that Anderson was willing to disclose which papers carry his column. I stupidly failed to verify that with Anderson. A belated phone call revealed that he will disclose which paper in a given city takes his column, but he won't share his master list even if people are willing to take it down longhand.

Private Lives

Brit Hume in "Now it Can be Told . . . Or Can It?" [April 1975] acknowledges the complex and ambiguous issues involved when we consider whether to report the private escapades of public officials. The test often referred to is whether the private conduct has any relevance to public responsibilities.

How I wish that same test were rigorously
(continued on page 26)

Corrections

In "Fear on Trial At CBS," we incorrectly reported last month that David Rintels wrote the script for "The Missiles of October." The script was written by Stanley Greenberg . . . Also last month, we inadvertently misspelled the names of AP reporters Dick Pyle and Mike Putzel in bestowing "Rosebuds" on their colleague, Brooks Jackson.

ROSEBUDS

'Maybe Everybody Ought To Be Depressed'

ROSEBUDS to *New York Times* correspondent Sydney Schanberg, 41, who ignored the orders of his editors and stuck with his story in Cambodia after all U.S. embassy personnel and most other reporters were evacuated from the besieged capital of Phnom Penh. "I MADE MY JUDGMENT SANELY," Schanberg cabled, "AND I WILL DO MY BEST FOR THE PAPER." For the next three days he filed extensively on the dramatic developments, unique atmosphere and occasional gourmet dining that preceded the city's takeover by the Khmer Rouge, then took refuge with a handful of other journalists—mostly French, Swedish and Italian—inside the French Embassy.

There is usually a sense of excitement in covering a war—the excitement of covering any good story [Schanberg wrote in a recent issue of Times Talk, the paper's house organ]. But if there ever was any excitement covering the war in Cambodia, it's gone now. Everyone is achingly weary here. . . . The electric power is off most of the time now and without air conditioning you have to work in your underwear or sarong or towel with sweat inching down your back and at night you have to work by candlelight or by the light of a battery-operated lamp that runs out of juice every time on your third take. . . .

Schanberg's decision stunned the *Times*'s editors, who believed he had finally been won over by a series of don't-risk-your-neck advisories. But those cables apparently just put the reporter's teeth on edge. Said his first message after the evacuation: "EYE HAVE MADE JUDGMENT TO STAY. EYE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR SUPPORTING THAT JUDGMENT RATHER THAN SENDING ME ALARMIST CABLES THAT WILL ONLY MAKE A DIFFICULT SITUATION MORE DIFFICULT. . . . EYE NEED YOUR SUPPORT NOT A CONFRONTATION."

Faced with a *fait accompli*, *Times* managing editor A.M. Rosenthal messaged back with mixed emotions: "DEAR SYDNEY, YOU KNOW EYE WANTED YOU TO LEAVE BUT NOW THAT YOU HAVE DECIDED TO STAY EYE WILL NO LONGER ARGUE WITH YOU. THE ONLY THING I ASK AS YOUR FRIEND AND ADMIRER AND COLLEAGUE IS THAT YOU REVIEW THE SITUATION CONSTANTLY. NO RPT NO STORY IS WORTH YOUR LIFE. MUCH LOVE. ROSENTHAL." Foreign editor Jim Greenfield also cabled Schanberg, advising that the *Times* would inform Cambodia's exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Khmer Rouge and the Red Cross of his decision and adding: "FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH I AM SAD BUT PROUD OF YOU AND DITH PRAN [the *Times*'s Cambodian bureau man in Phnom Penh, who also decided to stay on]. GOD BLESS YOU BOTH."

There are a million and a half people who have fled to Phnom Penh who just want to go back to their villages. . . . They don't talk politics and they don't think ideology. They have seen both sides—the Cambodian insurgents who sometimes burned their villages and the Phnom Penh government whose corruption keeps rice from their tables and makes them sick with hunger—and they just want to go back to their villages.

What prompted him to stay? For one thing, friends say, Schanberg is a dogged professional. Born in Clinton, Mass., educated at Harvard ('55), he joined the *Times* as a copyboy in 1959, became a reporter the next year and later served in the Albany bureau before heading overseas. But some colleagues believe



Times correspondent Sydney Schanberg

Schanberg's decision was based largely on the devotion he had developed to the country and the people of Cambodia during five years of reporting. "In New York they just don't understand the enormous suffering and tragedy of Cambodia," he complained to a fellow reporter last January. "If this war were happening in Europe it would be a major international event and front page every day. . . . This story has to be told."

Others, of course, thought it smacked of a grandstand play to snatch the Pulitzer Prize. There were stories about Schanberg feeling that he deserved the prize back in 1972 for his exclusives from the India-Pakistan War—and deciding to risk almost anything this time. To be sure, most *Times* foreign correspondents see themselves shooting for the big award. "It's the Pulitzer mentality around here," says one veteran of the paper's foreign desk. But Schanberg has often seemed willing to take more chances than most. In 1973, he bypassed official U.S. and Cambodian barriers to get to the town of Neak Luong where an accidental American bombing had caused considerable destruction; for his efforts he was arrested, temporarily, by Cambodian troops.

I go to the clinics when I'm up to it and I literally watch infants dying, and I have to go outside and turn my back because I don't want the Cambodians to see that I've lost control of my face. I think every time of my own two little girls and how well they are and how doomed these children are—and I don't have any control any more. . . . I know it's depressing, but maybe I think everybody ought to be as depressed as I am.

In the first days following Phnom Penh's fall, *The Times* kept tabs on Schanberg's situation at the French embassy through diplomatic channels. Then the lines went down and *Times* editors waited with crossed fingers while their correspondent and some 500 other foreigners began a 250-mile truck journey to the Thai border. Schanberg finally emerged alive and well but without his front page exclusive—at least temporarily. On humanitarian grounds, he and other newsmen in the group agreed to hold their stories pending evacuation of 250 foreigners left behind at the embassy.

—DAVID M. ALPERN

[MORE] 3

HELLBOX

A Picture Is Worth . . .

Doris Duke, the American Tobacco Company heiress, once known as "the richest girl in the world," has spent more than \$10 million in the past seven years buying and restoring colonial homes in Newport, Rhode Island. While some have criticized the Disneyland look of the picture-perfect houses, no one complains about the whopping tax bill the Duke-supported Newport Restoration Foundation pays the city, and the houses are in much demand.

Barry M. Flynn, a reporter in the



Doris Duke: camera-shy

Providence Journal-Bulletin's Newport bureau, had been trying for months to interview the heiress about the restoration project. But Duke spends her Newport weekends in an estate surrounded by 10-foot-high barbed wire, guarded by a dozen German shepherds, and she does not grant interviews. In mid-March, however, Flynn spotted Duke on the street and snapped two pictures of her. Duke demanded the film. Flynn declined, saying it was the paper's property.

Soon after returning to the office, Flynn received a call from Francis Comstock, director of the Restoration Foundation. According to Flynn, Comstock said that "unless we get that film back, she's just going to suspend all operations in the restoration, which throws 81 carpenters and assistants out of work." No small threat in a city already suffering 20 per cent unemployment.

Comstock also spoke to state editor Larry Howard in the newspaper's Providence office. Howard called Newport bureau manager Terry Schwadron and asked for the film, which was sent to Providence somewhat reluctantly. Calls went back and forth for a day until executive editor Chuck Hauser made the final decision. Hauser found the picture usable and newsworthy, but he thought Duke was fully capable of carrying out her threat. The picture never ran.

"We don't like to yield to black-

mail," one editor said later, "but we don't want to be known as the outfit that spoiled it for Newport."

—WILLIAM M. KUTIK

Drury's Two Lanes

"I'm a consumer expert. And I've done my homework. The new Chevrolets can save you up to eleven hundred dollars during the average time you'd own the car." The line is from a radio commercial sponsored by the Southern California Chevrolet Dealers. The voice is that of Treesa Drury, a pioneering TV and radio consumer reporter who at the time the commercials were on the air also held the unpaid but prestigious post of chairperson of the Governor's Consumer Advisory Council.

The uproar over the commercials was almost instantaneous. Leaders of several consumer groups angrily accused Drury of betraying the consumer movement, of selling her credibility.

But Drury didn't see it quite that way. She is a professional broadcaster, and broadcasters routinely read commercials, she says. While they were running, she points out, she continued to do consumer coverage, including a close look at the consent order obtained by the FTC against advertising claims made for the Chevy Vega. And she warned the dealer group in advance, she says, that she would follow up on any

complaints about its products that listeners sent to her.

But criticism of her part in the commercials continued, until finally in April, Drury resigned from the Consumer Advisory Council. "After all of this, if given the chance again I would say no to doing the ads," she says. But she intends to continue covering consumer news through a part-time radio job and several magazine and newsletter outlets.

There is certainly no lack of news for a consumer reporter to cover in Los Angeles. The L.A. District Attorney's Office is currently investigating the claim of an \$1,100 saving in the Chevy ads that Drury made; a law student who examined the substantiating material believes much of the saving is overstated. And the Governor's Consumer Advisory Council is working to finish a report begun under Drury's leadership. It deals with the role of the media in fraudulent advertising.

—ALEXANDER AUERBACH

White House Author

Portrait of an Assassin, the book about the Warren Commission co-authored by President Ford in 1965, may become the basis for a three-hour television documentary. MGM is currently negotiating with the White House legal office for rights to the book, which supports the commission's conclusion that Lee Harvey



Portrait of the Assassin

By Congressman Gerald R. Ford

A member of the Warren Commission — with John A. Stiles

Oswald acted alone in assassinating President Kennedy. The book, which its publisher Simon and Schuster concedes "certainly didn't make the best seller list," is an account by Ford, a commission member, of the group's hearings and the members' reactions during the proceedings.

The project originated with Sheldon Davis and Sheldon Brodsky, independent producers with a company called Now Productions. Thinking that *Portrait* would make a nice "theater of life presentation," Davis first wrote to the President in February. His proposal received a negative response from White House counsel Philip Buchen. Davis then contacted John R. Stiles, the book's co-author. Stiles flew to California for talks and then got Ford interested. Talks soon began, with MGM representing Now. MGM is also presently trying to sell the package to CBS-TV.

Several areas remain unresolved in negotiations with the White House, including whether the production's airdate would come before or after the 1976 Presidential election. Other points still under discussion, according to Davis, are whether Ford may appoint persons to approve the script, and whether the White House may screen the daily rushes.

—ERNEST RODRIGUEZ

Account Closed

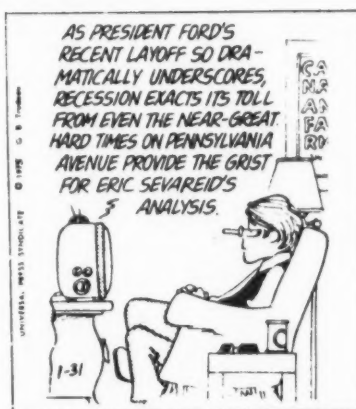
Not infrequently, reporters for newspapers or broadcast stations complain about the cozy relationship between their bosses and the business establishment of their cities, a relationship that often leads to such assignments as covering bank or department store openings. Charles Darling, the assignment editor for KMGH-TV, Channel 7, in Denver, quit in anger April 15 when he received a "direct order" from his news director to send a crew to record the opening that day of a new Colorado First National Bank building. He was told, he said, that "personal friends" of Harold McGraw Jr., president of McGraw Hill Inc,

Comic Caper

Is Patty Hearst sending secret messages in the funny pages? Mrs. Okie Smith of Lexington, Kentucky thought she was. Smith recently noticed an old Jan. 30 "Doonesbury" cartoon that had the words "Canaan Farm" spelled out in the background and the word "Pennsylvania" in the text. Since the cartoon had been published several weeks before the FBI discovered that Patty Hearst spent her last summer vacation at a farm in Canaan, Pa., Smith was intrigued. She told her husband, a printer at the Lexington *Herald*, who took the cartoon to his office. The *Herald's* investigative reporter, Steve Anderson, thought he "saw a chance to break a national story." The paper put three reporters on the story. They called the FBI office in Louisville and were told, "The FBI is working on the lead."

Speculation spread quickly through the small newspaper office. Was Garry Trudeau, the creator of "Doonesbury," in with THEM and calling for a National Convention at THE FARM?

We found Trudeau in New Haven. He had recently returned from Samoa, where he and Nicholas von Hoffman had been on assignment for *Rolling Stone*. He maintained that it was all a "coincidence," that in fact, a friend of his lives on Canaan Farm near Tonganoxie, Kan. J.M. Neibarger, editor of the *Mirror* in Tonganoxie, confirmed that there is a Canaan Farm nearby. But his information confuses more than it confirms. He said there was reason to believe that Patty Hearst had recently been through Tonganoxie in a red Mustang. —BLAKE FLEETWOOD



HELLBOX

in New York, had an "interest" in the bank. KMGH-TV is owned by McGraw Hill Inc. "It wouldn't fly; it's not a news assignment by any standard," Darling said.

According to McGraw, the whole thing was an unfortunate misunderstanding. He says a friend told the McGraw Hill board chairman, Shelton Fisher, about the bank. Fisher then told the head of the Broadcast Division, who called the Denver station. The assignment was a suggestion, not an order, McGraw said. "Sometimes these things get twisted into a directive."

Misunderstanding or not, Darling, a highly regarded news film production supervisor who had been promoted to the assignment job just four months earlier, is out of a \$25,000 job. And there was no report of First National's new home on the Five O'Clock News that night after all. When the crew sent by KMGH arrived at the bank that day, they discovered someone had the dates wrong. The bank was scheduled to open a month later.

—GRACE LICHTENSTEIN

Unequal Dimensions

New Dimensions, a forthcoming radical magazine whose goal is to present "a vision of what a changed, humane America might look like," has already been racked by a feminist dispute over its all-white, all-male editorial board. The magazine, scheduled to begin publishing from San Francisco in January 1976, is being started by Richard Parker, Paul Jacobs and Adam Hochschild, all formerly connected with *Ramparts*. They have completed a preliminary direct mail subscription campaign and received pledges from moneyed radicals covering some \$400,000 of the \$650,000 needed to start the socialist monthly.

In March, however, Merle Linda Wolin, *New Dimensions*' associate publisher and chief fund raiser, issued a 260-piece mailing of her own listing incidents of alleged "racism, elitism, and sexism" by the three founders. Wolin demanded that the editorial board be expanded to include a "majority of women and Third World people." Also at issue was the still vacant position advertised under the heading "WOMAN, NEWS EDITOR." Wolin felt the job had no real responsibility or power.

Shortly after her mailing Wolin was fired, and the locks were changed at the magazine's office. Wolin in turn has filed a complaint with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. She has also received some support from donors, including Win McCormack of Los



Lane and Olson, intrepid reporters for a great metropolitan newspaper, pause for a moment between scoops.

"Jeepers, Miss Lane!"

For many of today's young journalists, the first impression of life in the newsroom may have come from the *Daily Planet*. There, Lois Lane and Jimmy Olson always managed to get the story to Perry ("Don't call me chief") White's desk by deadline—invariably with the help of Superman. Since it now seems inevitable that Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman will provide the inspiration for the next generation of reporters, we got to wondering what our old favorites were doing.

Jack Larson, who played cub reporter Jimmy Olson on the television series, has become an accomplished writer and producer. Working on a Rockefeller Foundation grant, he wrote the libretto and co-produced with Virgil Thomson the opera "Lord Byron," which was presented at Lincoln Center in 1973. He has also been writing the words to ballets, among them "The Relativity of Icarus," performed last season by the Joffrey Ballet. Noel Neil, who played "Miss Lane," left the series in 1957 to get married. Two years ago, with nostalgia in full swing, she began touring the lecture circuit and gave 40 college lectures last semester. "I show films, have the students act out scripts and I answer questions like, 'How does Superman fly or where is Perry White.'"

Both Larson and Neil read the *Los Angeles Times* and have definite opinions on the press today. "I really don't know whether they're telling the truth or not or who controls them," says Neil. But Larson admires the kind of reporting *The Washington Post* did on Watergate. Says Larson: "The country was saved by the press as I was saved by Superman."

—PETER ADAMS

Angeles. McCormack is sitting on a potential \$100,000 contribution pending resolution of the dispute "in favor of a more genuine radicalism than the current editors seem to have manifested so far," he says.

The three editors find Wolin's general concerns legitimate, but contend that her specific charges are, in Paul Jacobs' words, "false or totally distorted." Their lawyer says that if *New Dimensions* were an "ordinary" business it would "haul her to court" for defamation of the editors' characters and sabotage of the magazine's operation.

Although they disavow Wolin's charges, the editors have recently added the magazine's office manager—a woman—to the editorial board

and plan to add the news editor when she is selected. "We are evolving a structure that will combat sexism and racism," says Jacobs.

—WILLIAM BATES

Canned Goods

Pittsburgh's Consumer Coalition recently conducted a seven-week food pricing survey, which found significant price differences among the six supermarket chains studied and among different outlets of the same chains. Geoffrey Tomb, consumer affairs reporter and restaurant reviewer for the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, wrote a story on the survey, naming names but loading the piece with warnings that the figures

should be taken with caution.

Tomb submitted the story to city editor Don Clippinger. Later that day, assistant managing editor William Deibler told Tomb that after consulting with Clippinger he had decided that the paper would not use the story. It wasn't a story the publisher would like, Deibler explained. "He may have been exactly right," Tomb said. "But he never took it up the line."

In protest against such interference, Tomb resigned his consumer post the next day and was transferred to the civil courts beat. Representatives of the Consumer Coalition and the Allegheny County Consumer Protection Bureau met with Deibler and Clippinger, but their efforts to revive the story failed.

The morning *Post-Gazette* sold 377,408 lines of food-chain advertising in 1974, some seven per cent of its retail ad total. Deibler, however, denies that any pressure or fear of retaliation from food chains were factors in his decision. He cites as reasons for rejecting the story both space considerations and the questionable value of giving consumers possibly outdated and limited price information. Deibler also says the *Post-Gazette* is unable to judge the reliability and accuracy of surveys by groups outside the paper—although the paper regularly publishes such other surveys as the Harris Polls.

The Consumer Coalition "is a special interest group," Deibler says, "and our aim is certainly to be fair to the entire community. I have very deep reservations about what kinds of service you're performing to the consumer with this kind of stuff."

—EVAN PATTAK

Oh, Say Can You See

When the *Otsego County (Mich.) Herald Times* received a routine press release from a local congressman, staff writer Carl Heidel decided to spice the copy with "a few smart-ass comments." Accordingly, the news that U.S. Rep. Philip Ruppe was announcing local office hours was punctuated with an occasional "isn't that nice" and "oh boy." Most of Heidel's additions were excised by an editor before the story was printed. But escaping detection was the final paragraph, which read, "Anyone wishing to discuss a personal matter dealing with the federal government is invited to visit . . . at that time. (Wave flag, blow whistles, ring bells and shout 'Hoo-ray!')" It wasn't until about three weeks later that the blunder was discovered by Heidel, who was reviewing his old clips. He apologized to the congressman, who said he hadn't noticed it either.



What's Wrong With This Magazine?

BY GARRY WILLS

Editor's note: Several weeks ago we asked Garry Wills to read 12 issues of [MORE]—April 1974 through March 1975—and do unto us what we have been doing unto everyone else. His judgment follows:

[MORE] is sprightly and fun; but it seems to give only ambiguous evidence that it knows what American journalism is all about. American journalism is all about selling newspapers (or magazines, or TV shows). It is a competitive last bastion of American capitalism; and the customer is always right. But different papers have different customers.

Story after story in [MORE] confirms the ignorance of American journalists about the business that most affects them because it employs them. But let's begin with an important indicator, [MORE]'s list of America's Ten Worst Newspapers.¹ The editors could not resist that title, though they imposed restrictions that made it meaningless. They did not even tell us why the ten truly worst could not be chosen. Most of us would not have heard of them. We would not be interested in reading about them—and you have to please the customers. But the main reason no one can choose the ten worst is that there are dozens and dozens of them, with an indistinguishable lack of distinction—at least, by the kind of standards raised in [MORE]'s own judging process.

Americans get most of their news from television. That troubles the people who note that TV has little time for national stories of any complexity; that one cannot study facts and figures, or return to them at will, when they are flashed on the screen; that the substance of the story is appended to the visuals available; that these visuals may affect the audience more than the hard elements of

*Garry Wills, the syndicated columnist, is the author of *Bare Ruined Choirs* (Doubleday) and *Nixon Agonistes* (Houghton Mifflin). He is at work on a book about Thomas Jefferson.*

"Story after story in [MORE] confirms the ignorance of American journalists about the business that most affects them because it employs them," writes the author, after visiting a supermarket to support his point.

information being intoned by a mellifluous "anchorman." They fear that people are being drawn from the study of newspapers to the enjoyment of TV shows.

They should stop worrying. No one is being drawn away from the news printed in papers. People are getting more news from TV because they got little or none from papers in the first place — little, that is, of the kind crammed into network half-hours of mainly national, mainly political reporting. It is not even true that the papers contain more news than is dished out nightly on the screen. Travel through the country, small towns and medium — what you get of national news is a headline and the first two or three paragraphs of a wire-service story, on a front page split roughly between local and state and national news, with a "human interest" picture at the side or bottom. Even the little news printed is not much read (if it were, the editors would expand it). A glance at the headline will do—or at a picture, if one goes with the story. One reason for "Heartland" America's resentment of the TV coverage

given to Vietnam or civil rights was a simple matter of culture shock—they were getting more news, concentrated, than they ever bothered to cull from the front page.

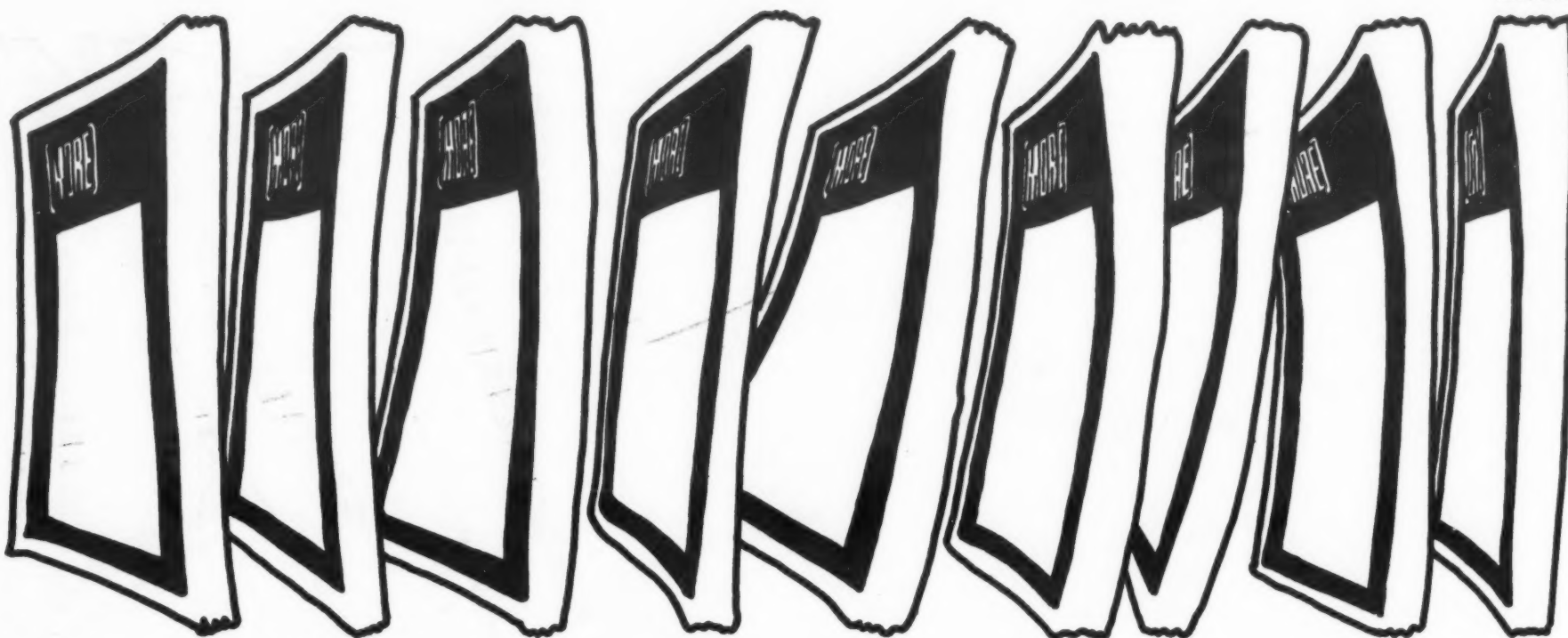
Americans in general do not read about national politics in the newspapers. They could not do it if they wanted to—it is not there. But it is not there because they have proved that they do not want to read about it. National politics—barring a few spectaculars, like a presidential election—is covered perfunctorily because it is read cursorily. The national stories that sell papers are a Patty Hearst kidnapping, a Clifford Irving scandal—the staples of our old yellow press; or "political" stories of cognate appeal (an assassination, a "streaking" fad, Jackie).

But even these goodies are not what people buy the papers for. They want to know who got married, who held a meeting, who died. How the local teams did. What's on at the movies. What's on sale. And the funnies. Supermarket discount tickets. Contests. Lotteries. Horoscopes. The papers are oriented primarily to servicing the community, and only incidentally to informing it. The audience does not want to be much informed outside this context—as its resistance to the content of network news indicates.

Yet the correspondents doing the Ten Worst list assumed that people want to be (or should be) informed on difficult, controversial, remote, esoteric or divisive matters—and that newspapers are failing to give them what they want or need. The most recurrent object of complaint is the lack of investigative reporting, that current rage of "real" newspapers. A typical assessment is Chet Flippo's comment on the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*:

Other papers have style sections; the *S-T* retains a frothy "Women's World." Some papers have ombudsmen; the *S-T* has a "reader's reporter" who wrestles with the date Hawaii's last monarch died or determines the life span of a man's winter suit.

The "other papers" of that paragraph are *The*



Washington Post. The Fort Worth paper is found wanting by the standards of one of the two or three best newspapers in America. It is easy to answer that things *should* be judged in terms of the best. Hundreds of papers should seek to become like the two or three—which are the Platonically “real” newspapers.

But what if the mass of papers is not only deficient in terms of a single goal, but actually has a different goal? The critics, who after all came to criticize their Ten Worst, have little good to say about newspapers—which makes it all the more interesting when six are given good marks for sports coverage, and four for coverage of community events, and four for their entertainment sections. I think we can assume that some, at least, of the critics who did not bring up these three items simply did not consider them determinants of a “real” newspaper, any more than they would mention the comic strips. If we looked at the remaining papers for their sports, local and entertainment coverage, it is probable that the number of reporters doing a good job in these areas would go up.

What explains this concentration of particular excellences even in a Ten Worst list? Is there a conspiracy of sportswriters, or an irrepressible skill for TV coverage affecting journalists’ genes? Of course not. These things are done well because these things sell papers. The customer is getting what the customer wants. (Several of the critics lament the success and popularity of the worst papers—as if selling papers were one of their faults.) These papers are, most of them, doing fairly well what most Americans want their papers to do. Because they are larger than similar “service” papers, they are considered wanting by the standards of those few papers expected to investigate and inform.

The [MORE] editors drew only three generalizations from their final Ten Worst list. 1) All ten papers have “a clear conservative bent” on their editorial pages. That just makes them normal. Ninety per cent of the nation’s papers endorsed Richard Nixon three years ago. 2) A majority of the papers (seven of the ten) are chain-owned. That, too, points to a general approach to the papers as a local service within an adaptable format. 3) Only two of the ten have a strong personal flavor derived from their editor (and one of these is the exceptional *Manchester Union Leader*, chosen not for its size or national coverage but because it is *itself* a national story). This third point is just a corollary of the second one.

When critics like Patrick Buchanan say “the media” are (or, more often, *is*) biased, they are themselves taking an “elitist” view of the press. They are judging by the “real” papers, not the ninety per cent that endorsed Nixon. They are talk-

ing about the elite’s journals (taking elite in a very broad sense)—about *Time* (paid circ: 4.3 million), not the *Reader’s Digest* (circ: 17.75 million). They are referring to *The New Yorker* (circ: .5 million), not *Family Circle* (circ: 8.35 million). That is an odd position for “populist” critics like Buchanan—or for Michael Novak² and Irving Kristol³ in their [MORE] tirades. But it is not less surprising when [MORE]’s own editors take the same view of things. It is typical that a piece done on the checking apparatus of *The New Yorker*⁴ should mention all other journals with extensive teams to insure accuracy—and that [MORE] overlooked the *Reader’s Digest*.⁵ It is not a “real” magazine.

[MORE] has been criticized for paying too much attention to *The New York Times*—but we, [MORE]’s customers, are interested in *The Times*; and the customer is always right. A more serious objection is that the journalism of America, outside a narrow circle, is not only neglected, it seems nonexistent—leading to the assumptions of the Ten Worst list. There were two main exceptions to this rule in the 12 issues I read (I omit minor references to James Brady’s new job at the *National Star*,⁶ or to the fad for *Classics Comics*⁷). The first exception was a valuable report on Paul Harvey by Sanford Ungar,⁸ the second was Frank Greve’s fine piece on the *National Enquirer*⁹. We don’t often think of the *National Enquirer* as a political journal, though Greve proved that it is—and with a weekly circulation of 7 million it sells 28 times as many copies per month as *Esquire*. The article stirred me to action. Like the housewife who has cut out her discount tickets, I went straight from the paper to the supermarket.

Actually, to two supermarkets and two drugstores—all four in the suburban shopping center nearest to my home in Baltimore. Sure enough, there was the *National Enquirer* racked beside the cash register in all four places, along with the other top two movers (*TV Guide* and *Reader’s Digest*). These were supplemented, in the supermarkets, by *Family Circle*; and in the drugstores by other tabloids (*Midnight* and/or *Tattler*). This is a reasonably affluent suburb, more “literate” in the broad sense than the national average. One gets a better idea of the nation’s reading habits here than at the kiosk outside New York’s public library. So I began to count the kinds of fare on most prominent display. I found four categories especially bristling, even when I trimmed them by eliminating more “elitist” journals. The four categories were these:

1) Fan magazines—23 different titles in the Giant store alone; 15 in Acme, 15 and 11 in the two drugstores. (I excluded *People* and *TV Guide* from the count). The covers showed an interest in

roughly the same “news”—Jackie, Cher, La Streisand and the current Great Romance (Dinah Shore and Burt Reynolds).

2) True confessions. It was hard to count these, since all the titles have either “true,” “romance,” “crime” or “confession” in them. (I discounted *True*, as sliding off towards *Cycling* or *Hunting and Fishing* as a “man’s magazine.”) After sorting out the permutations of criminal veracity or veracious criminality, I found 11 current titles in this category at Giant, 6 at Acme and 6 in each of the drugstores. This is, of course, a newspaper-spawned genre, from the good old days of crimes re-enacted for the tabloids. The magazines deal mainly in unknown people now, because it is hard to find any country’s prime minister whose mother told his father to rape him, or else she would reveal that she (the mother) was his (the father’s) daughter.

3) Teen magazines. I excluded *Seventeen*, *Mad* and its imitators, and *Rolling Stone* and the serious rock journals. That still left a junior line of fan magazines, all with the same people on the cover (though I could not recognize them). Even so narrowed, this group placed 7 titles in Giant, 2 in Acme, 4 and 2 in the drugstores.

4) Women’s magazines. Here my count broke down. Having excluded *Ms.*, should I keep *Ladies Home Journal*? *Family Circle* was already in the Super Four at the cash register (with *TV Guide*, *Reader’s Digest* and *National Enquirer*). Besides, the group soon splinters into magazines with an emphasis on fashion, makeup, home decoration, sewing, etc. I could only estimate this largest segment as roughly equal to the three preceding categories combined.

I have gone to tedious length in my counting because this is a largely invisible journalism, one not adverted to even by those who claim to speak for its readers. When is the last time Michael Novak read *Silver Screen*? (Knowing Michael, I expect you’ll receive a ten-page autobiographical letter organized around this subject.) All of the categories I chose have a political side to them—as opposed to publications like sports magazines, which I did not include. When Spiro Agnew asked why we do not hear the good things about America—praise of family, country, religion and success—he just proved that he no longer picked up reading material from his old place of employment, the supermarket.

The “big” stories in the genres I have listed tend to overlap—Jackie, or Patty Hearst, or Clifford Irving. Indeed, the concerns of these magazines are largely shared by the service-type newspapers that come into most homes in America (entertainment, scandal, advice, home and beauty tips, rags-to-riches tales, inspirational anecdotes).

In many ways, the ordinary newspaper has more in common with this supermarket literature than with *The Media* (newspapers whose standards were used to judge the Ten Worst). If we look at journalism in this expanded sense, the biggest story of the last decade was not Watergate, not even the Kennedy assassination (also big in the supermarket), but simply Jackie. In this world, on the other hand, Vietnam is not news—it is invisible, like blacks. The most sought after political pundit in America is not Tom Wicker or William Buckley, but Jeane Dixon. (*Midnight* had to get five psychics to comment on Ari's death and Jackie's future, in a vain attempt to balance *National Star's* Dixon exclusive).

This huge invisible journalism does not much concern [MORE], because it does not interest [MORE]'s readers. Even the most conventional staples of newspapers' business are rarely noticed—the contests, and contest wars, for instance. [MORE] can notice the cheesecake in the *Daily News*,¹⁰ but not in the small-town paper. Ever since the yellow press was named for The Yellow Kid, it has been known that comic strips sell papers. They still do, despite TV. (Charlie Brown's huge popularity, after all, spread from the papers to TV, not in the other direction.) Perhaps a third of the "funnies" are not funny—they approach the soap-opera norm of *True Romance*. (Soap opera is the "invisible" TV, outlasting trends and fads, as it did on radio.) A historian looking back on our culture will be able to tell us much about it from the funny page as from the front page—something McLuhan proved in his first (his only) book, *The Mechanical Bride*. But the funnies are not part of The Media in Pat Buchanan's or Dick Pollak's world (unless *The Washington Post* is censoring "Doonesbury" again).

I am not urging that [MORE] become a sociological survey of the whole culture. It is natural to concentrate on the exception rather than the rule; but not adverting to the service-journalism falsifies one's reading of "investigative" journalism (which is also a service-journalism; but for people who want something rather different from what most papers are meant to supply). One sees this most obviously in the right-wing critics of The Media (i.e., the investigative parts of journalism). A Buchanan or a Teddy White looks at the same people on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and thinks there is a conspiracy. For Buchanan it is a conspiracy of liberal ideologues trying to peddle their wares in an apostolic frenzy to match his own. For White, writing his 1972 Presidential volume, it is a conspiracy of snobbishness, with "family-owned" papers cultivating trendiness, because they can afford to be trendy and do not need to sell papers. (His analysis breaks down even in the narrow limits he gave it—is CBS family-owned?) In [MORE]'s own pages, Michael Novak argued that The Media "make" news by choosing what they will promote—e.g., civil rights stories.¹¹ Novak says that "TV" does not echo audience concerns—and it is clear he is talking about network news, not the local service features, which take up more news time than the national half hour and dwell on the same things that service-newspapers do: sports, entertainment, community events. According to Joseph Epstein, The Media also undid the civil rights movement, by reducing it to mere trendiness, with a new and more extreme "spokesman" being hyped every day.¹² Irving Kristol thinks The Media (always that small sector of the actual press) have/has consciously decided to be "adversary" in the full sense—revolutionary, the enemy of our chosen government.¹³

We expect no more from such people, and [MORE] defers to their clamor for representation in the "elite" press—without wondering why a similar demand for "equal time" is not mounted in the 90 per cent of the Nixon-supporting papers; in the *Reader's Digest*; in the *National Enquirer*. But

even people in greater accord with [MORE]'s editors assume that there is a "line" consciously chosen by The Media. (I do not mean leftist splutterings of the Sol Yurick sort;¹⁴ admitted—I hope—for the same reason Kristol was, to give the zoo a geographical spread.)

Andrew Kopkind, a serious man, asks why the press does not make as big a story out of businessmen convicted of illegal contributions as of other Watergate-connected felonies; and concludes that the answer is "ideological"—there is too much respect for the fact that "private enterprise is still private."¹⁵ Others write in surprise that TV documentaries keep a nervous eye on the advertisers,¹⁶ or that Punch Sulzberger is worried about a city tax that will take a bite out of *The Times*.

There is no conspiracy to push left views by having the same people on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. They are there for the same reason that Cher is on the cover of all fan magazines in any one week—to sell copies. The publications are in each case aiming at an audience that wants this product. The Media did not, as Novak thinks, decide ahead of time to make Dr. King news. The constituency of The Media was seen to be interested in King. Journalism follows more than it leads. And the competition to follow more closely is part of the fun in watching journalists or in being one. We are more competitive, more aware of our standing, our accomplishments, our relative clout, than any professors I know.

When people understand that The Media and most of the press are serving two different constituencies, many things explain themselves. For instance: the resentment of TV network newscasts does not come from any of the reasons Novak or Kristol would assign it to. By an accident, part (the minor part) of the daily news is absorbed by people to whom it was never really addressed. Those who would never read an editorial are prone, because of passive listening habits, to hear—in fact *overhear*—Eric Sevareid editorializing; and they get mad. Then, as I say, the one constituency asks for equal time—an anti-Sevareid for every Sevareid. But because even *TV Guide's* Edith Efron thinks of The Media as the real press, no one asks that Democrat liberals be given equal time on the local news broadcasts (quite different in their orientation, and much closer to the local newspapers); or in the mass publications—far more widely circulated—of the right. Paul Harvey is invisible, though very influential, compared to Sevareid. What the Nixonites resented was that they could not have control of *both* major constituencies. *The New York Review* and *The New York Times* crowd as well as the *Reader's Digest* and the *National Enquirer* crowd.

But [MORE]'s assumptions are by and large the same as Pat Buchanan's—it thinks the difference between these groups is mainly ideological, a difference between those who believe in the First Amendment and those who don't. Papers and TV documentaries are meant to serve the truth alone, and something has gone wrong when advertisers intervene. This naiveté shows up in constant slight ways—for instance, in assigning a bright young man to count the fluff on weekend TV newscasts.¹⁷ That is freak time for the human interest crowd. We all know it; counting the fluff is as silly as Efron's counting of "real" news events on the TV, measured against the *Reader's Digest* norms of concern. [MORE]'s young man decided that networks are just lazy—they don't have a camera crew at the ready on Saturday.

Actually, it is freak time on TV because of a journalistic habit set long ago—the habit that makes Saturday papers not serious. They are thin because it is a slow advertising day (as opposed to Wednesday or Thursday). The markets are closed the next day (Sunday). Even the exceptions prove this rule. *The Washington Post* is hefty on

Saturday because it maintains its ad load. *The New York Times* is serious but slim because it could not cease to be serious and remain *The Times*, and because it is taking a deep purple breath in order to "pass" the Taj Mahal of its Sunday edition.

I am back to talking about *The Times*, you see, like [MORE]—because I am a [MORE] reader, and the customer gets serviced. I would gladly read Murray Kempton anywhere, and so would most [MORE] readers; so the magazine pleases us, even when the press tie-in for Kempton's review of *The Power Broker* is contrived.¹⁸ I enjoy good reporting (like Tony Lukas's on Hank Greenspun²⁰) and good satire (like Alex Cockburn's on C.L. Sulzberger²¹). I like to read Richard Schickel, even when his review of the Gatsby film has nothing important to do with the press²²—not even his review of *The Front Page* was really focused on the journalistic reality portrayed in the Cary Grant movie he preferred to Walter Matthau's.²³ Like everyone else, I enjoy [MORE]'s gossip. Like everyone else—except, apparently, Dick Pollak²⁴—I thought the Sander Vanocur piece²⁵ went to despicable lengths in feeding our appetite. Like a lot of people, I wonder why a journal that tries to bring us things we would not otherwise get follows the practice of magazines with quite different intent—*Esquire* say, or *Playboy*—in serving up bits of books just about to be published in the field that most interests us (Marchetti's book;²⁶ or Brit Hume's²⁷), or printing rehashes from recent books (Jim Perry on rating candidates²⁸ or Michael Novak on the ethnic view of everything²⁹). But this seems to sell papers. And that, remember, is what it is all about. ■

Notes

1. "The 10 Worst"—May 1974
2. Michael Novak, "Why the Working Man Hates the Media"—October 1974
3. Irving Kristol, "Is the Press Misusing Its Growing Power?" (Furthermore)—January 1975
4. Judith Adler Hennessee, "Annals of Checking"—August 1974
5. Gertrude Arundel, "Double Check" (Letter)—November 1974
6. Amanda Harris, "At Last, Domestic Cheesecake!" (The Big Apple)—October 1974
7. Ann Marie Cunningham, "Back to the Ol' Cliff's Notes" (Hellbox)—February 1975
8. Sanford J. Ungar, "The Voice of Middle America"—April 1974
9. Frank Greve, "Exclusive! Now it Can Be Told . . ."—July 1974
10. Ann Marie Cunningham, "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?"—March 1975
11. Novak—October 1974
12. Joseph Epstein, "The Media as Villain" (Furthermore)—September 1974
13. Kristol—January 1975
14. Sol Yurick, "The Arrest of Patricia Hearst"—May 1974
15. Andrew Kopkind, "The Unwritten Watergate Story"—November 1974
16. Karl E. Meyer, "Candy Telegrams to Kiddyland"—February 1975
17. David M. Rubin, "Behind the Front Page"—November 1974
18. Richard Wexler, "I Love a Parade"—January 1975
19. Murray Kempton, "Partners in the Fall of New York"—October 1974
20. J. Anthony Lukas, "High Rolling in Las Vegas"—May 1974
21. Alexander Cockburn, "How to Earn Your Trench Coat"—May 1974
22. Richard Schickel, "What's So Great About Gatsby?" (Furthermore)—April 1974
23. Richard Schickel, "Hello Hollywood, Get Me Rewrite!"—January 1975
24. Richard Pollak, "Afterthoughts" (Column Two)—March 1975
25. Barney Collier, "Do You Still See the Kennedys?"—February 1975
26. Victor L. Marchetti and John D. Marks, "Undercovering the CIA"—April 1974
27. Brit Hume, "The Anderson Transcripts"—July 1974
28. James M. Perry, "I See a Big White House . . ."—April 1974
29. Novak—October 1974

Upstairs, Downstairs



13 Week Rerun

Sunday Evenings on PBS

Masterpiece Theatre

1974 Emmy Winner 'best dramatic series'

Mobil®

Host: Alistair Cooke

Douglass Cater's Secret Mission

BY PETER SCHRAG

Could it be just what it says it is? You keep telling yourself that there must be more here than meets the eye, more than they're willing to tell or able to show.

The Aspen Program was established in 1971 as part of a long-term project of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies to identify major issues relating to the communications media and to develop policies and actions dealing with those issues. Initially, the Program is concentrating on four priority areas: 1) public broadcasting; 2) government and the media; 3) television and social behavior; 4) cable television and the new technologies. Workshops, seminars and conferences are conducted in each of those areas, and the results of those meetings and of research conducted and commissioned by the Aspen Program are published . . .

Perhaps there is something portentous under the surface, something too sensitive for disclosure, maybe even something faintly sinister. They have been hard at work for more than three years, have run conferences and "workshops," have commissioned "studies" and reports, and have produced a tidy pile of publications. Title: *The Video Implosion: Models for Reinventing Television*. Title: *The Future Directions of Political Mass Communications Research*. Title: *The Electronic Box Office: Humanities and Arts on the Cable*. In three years they have spent roughly \$1 million in foundation funds. Could they have labored so long with so much to produce—well, so little?

The formal name is the Aspen Institute Program on Communications and Society—a name begging for an acronym (AIPOCS?)—but on closer inspection that turns out to be another name for its director, Douglass Cater, a slow-talking Alabamian who worked for 14 years as Washington correspondent for the now-defunct *Reporter* magazine and another four as a White House aide (on health and education) to Lyndon B. Johnson. AIPOCS involves some very stylish people—very high level: Bill D. Moyers of LBJ, *Newsday* and PBS, the Public Broadcasting Service; Ithiel de Sola Pool, Vietnam War intellectual (on pacification) and MIT propaganda expert; Elie Abel, dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism (and his predecessor, Edward Barrett); James Hoge, editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times*; Harry Ashmore of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and, in more heroic days, editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*; Kermit Gordon of the Brookings Institution; and dozens of others who serve as advisors, consultants, conferees or other titled ornaments.

But Cater is AIPOCS—or, rather, AIPOCS is Cater and a million-plus dollars. (In addition to the million already spent.) In the next three years, roughly half a million will come from the Markle Foundation, \$350,000 from Ford, \$135,000 from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and smaller amounts from the Arca Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and other sources. Those funds support a suite of offices in Palo Alto, Calif., (another has just been opened in Washington), a staff of four professionals (editors, conference organizers and general factoti), two or three secretaries, a publication program, conferences in Aspen, Colo., Boston, Washington and elsewhere, travel, overhead for the parent Aspen Institute and, of course, Cater himself, who makes \$50,000 a year plus expenses. The total AIPOCS budget is roughly \$400,000 a year. There is, in

Peter Schrag, a contributing editor to [MORE], is the author of *The Decline of the WASP* (Simon and Schuster).

10 [MORE]



The polite war cry of the Aspen media program is "research capable of leading to action." But after three years on the mountain-top and \$1 million, the result is a boondoggle full of banalities.

addition, a separate "Cater Chair Fund," now amounting to \$218,000, which he can use if and when he decides to relinquish part of his administrative work to concentrate on research or writing. The hope is to build the fund to \$400,000, a sum whose income alone would provide comfortable seating.

The AIPOCS mission comes in different official versions. Most succinctly, it is to engage in "research" in communications and develop "public policy alternatives" in the field. "Above all," says a Cater statement written in 1972, "scholarship in communications policy should be firmly based on humanistic values, should reach out to social interests not normally considered, and should concentrate on research capable of leading to action. Its goal, in brief, should be to invent an alternative to the Orwellian vision of 1984."

The formal implementation of that monumental ambition comes in four phases: "research"; the planning of conferences; the conduct of conferences; and the publication of "studies" and portions of conference transcripts in glossy covered paperback books. The "research" and writing are

done primarily by academics who receive small stipends—\$200 to \$500—for monographs, and occasionally by Cater and his staff. Some of the material is reprinted or summarized from other publications, some consists of reports on broadcast technology, and some is converted conference rhetoric. One publication, for example, includes excerpts from old reports of the RAND Corporation, statements of the National Education Association, and the following gems from a 1967 U.S. Office of Education report on teaching by television. If this material was included with ironic intent, the authors give us no hint:

Television is most effective as a tool for learning when used in a suitable context of learning activities at the receiving end.

Television is more likely to be an efficient tool of learning if it is planned and organized efficiently.

Problem solving instruction on television is more effective than lecturing when the materials involve the solving of problems.

Such abstracted conclusions of the deep thought of others are reinforced by original observations derived from AIPOCS monographs and conference transcripts. Consider the following:

Nothing elicits agreement among people of disparate points of view more effectively than trying to agree on a unitary conceptual approach. Among other things, we need to have a taxonomy of the types of human systems and media that we're concerned with.

—From *Aspen Notebook: Cable and Continuing Education*

In order to cover the field comprehensively, it is necessary to study political communications both from the perspective of communicators, communications and recipients of communications and, also, from the perspective of various recent schools of thought about each of these areas.

—From *The Future Directions of Political Mass Communications Research*

These are not tidy research endeavors. Like other

Edward Koren



efforts to expand the disciplining of knowledge, they will require a critical mass of money and talent if they are ultimately to get off the launching pad. Nevertheless, there is opportunity for discrete scholarship to perform the charting and the linkage functions for the larger research. . . .

—From Cater's introduction to an Aspen "Occasional Paper"

Anyone familiar with the professional literature of education and related academic fields will recognize the style: the mixed metaphors, the passive sentences, the unnecessary analogies to technology, the use of words like "taxonomy," the invocation of the undefined "we," the ringing call to action which can produce no action (and is probably not meant to). These techniques have their uses—primarily to disguise the obvious and make it look like original thought and deep reflection, to mystify, to obfuscate, and to impress the slob. In the case of AIPOCS, the common message is responsible behavior by the press and the government, support for alternatives to existing media and publications, and, in general, advocacy of middle class, middle-of-the road, mid-cult media policies: alternatives on cable, "quality" programming on television, talk about the possibilities of communications satellites for non-commercial broadcast, celebration of "Sesame Street," and advocacy of "the electronic box office"—pay cable. "I will be impressed," Cater says, "when I see leaders from the press and the television media . . . approach the universities and research centers on better ways to investigate and disseminate information about our society." So far, however, AIPOCS has provided little help on that score.

From the publications it's impossible to tell what AIPOCS means by "research." Although nearly all of its \$400,000 budget goes to its own staff and expenses, AIPOCS does virtually no research; it does not study the biases of the press; it is not engaged in systematic media criticism; it

does not monitor the news policies of the government. What it publishes are the observations and conclusions of others. The books include, for example, a study by Cater and Stephen Strickland of the Surgeon General's report on TV violence—a study of a study calling, among other things, for more studies. All this accumulated cerebration, amounting to perhaps 1,000 pages in a dozen books and "occasional papers," cost roughly \$200,000 to edit and produce.

Cater's expensive bookshelf now boasts the *Aspen Notebook on Government and the Media*, a collection of pre-Watergate banalities about secrecy, press conferences, adversarial relationships, the "public's right to know," citizen access to the media and similar issues that had been discussed at, of course, a conference. It was all very gracious, what someone later called "a discourse of polite individuals." The participants at the 1972 gathering included Cater, Moyers, Pool, Max Frankel of *The New York Times*, Katharine Graham of *The Washington Post*, McGeorge Bundy and Fred Friendly of the Ford Foundation, Daniel Henkin, chief PR man for the Pentagon, Robert Manning of the *Atlantic*, Alexander Bickel of the Yale Law School, and nearly 50 others, of whom one (1) was then a working reporter. Among the pearls:

POOL: . . . The notion among some newsmen that the press can be at one with the people in combat with the common enemy, the government, is a self-destructive delusion. More often in a democracy, the government is the true expression of the nation's feelings. . . . If the press is the government's enemy, it is the free press that will end up being destroyed. * * *

MOYERS: No President has the right . . . to state publicly that he is doing one thing when privately he is doing another. That's conceding him the right to lie. * * *

BICKEL: There has never been any indication that (Vice President Agnew) wields anybody's big

stick, that there is any intention or any capability of doing anything (to intimidate the media). Why in the world should there be such a terrific brouhaha that the Vice President . . . has criticized the media? It was intimidation only because it was taken that way.

Much of AIPOCS's work is done at Cater's Palo Alto offices, a converted flat on the second story of what used to be a residential building. There is nothing nearby except a suburban shopping street—Stanford University is two miles away—and the prime attraction of the place seems to be that Cater likes to live in this community. (It is no great handicap to be in Palo Alto, Cater says, even though the media, the government and the foundations have their headquarters 3,000 miles away. He can do most of his business on the phone and, in any case, AIPOCS will now also have a Washington office.) The style is modestly self-effacing: people speak quietly, desks and offices are neat, though not bare, and the brown-paneled walls are devoid of political or social message. There is no physical indication of what people think or do. One is full-time editor; another runs the "workshop" on TV criticism; and a third writes conference reports, "scouts for people and ideas" and tries "to keep on top of the literature." He calls himself a "facilitator." If one presses them, however, it becomes apparent that they spend most of their time writing conference reports, planning new conferences, running conferences and finding people to attend them. All of that requires work, planning and coordination (and, of course, money). Cater himself is constantly attending meetings. "You're dealing with people," he says, "and a lot of that can't be delegated." The total cost is uncertain. AIPOCS spends roughly \$12,000 a year for staff travel. It also pays travel and expenses for most conference participants. Many of the conferences are held in Aspen. Most of the participants come from the East Coast. The coach class round trip fare from New York is \$320.02.

It is a moveable feast. Each July and August, Cater and most of his staff move to the heights of Aspen to run their meetings and keep in touch with what one of his assistants called "The Institute Family." The Aspen atmosphere, said the assistant, is "more relaxed" than the atmosphere of New York or Washington where most of the participants come from. There is time to unwind, to attend concerts, and especially to talk. Meetings could be held in the East, but Aspen is "a rich cultural community" and people from New York who might not walk across the street to the Roosevelt or the Hilton are "enticed by an invitation to come to Aspen." This is what it takes to invent an alternative to the Orwellian vision of 1984. "It is nice in Aspen," said an AIPOCS secretary, "but we have to work very hard." AIPOCS spends \$8,000 a year to house Cater and his staff in Aspen.

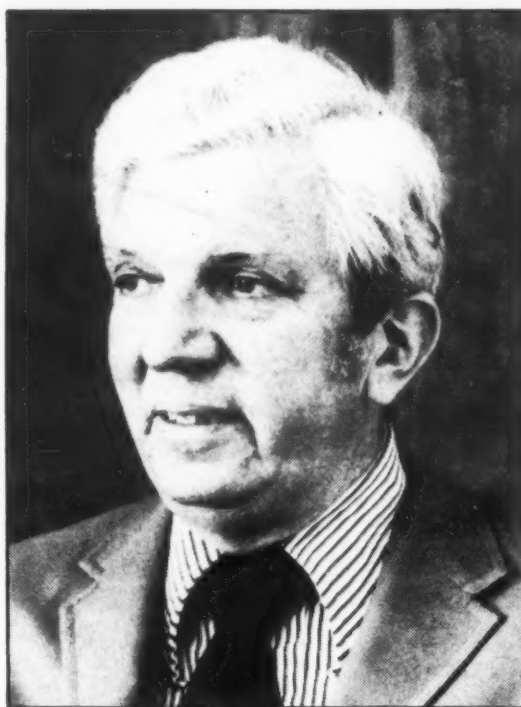
It is all supposed to lead to "action." The leitmotif of the parent Aspen Institute is "thought leading to action," a phrase which, had it been more felicitous, might have been the battle cry for the best and the brightest; it would make the Talmudic scholars cringe, but how it echoes around the conference tables or think tanks and through the inner corridors of WASP institutions. For AIPOCS, the direct action is now supposed to come through the Washington office directed by Stephen Farber, a former congressional aide and administrator at Harvard. For the moment the priorities are passage of a five-year extension of funding for public broadcasting, modification of television's equal time provisions for the 1976 political campaign, and revision of the FCC rule which prohibits the cablecasting of feature films that are more than three years old and less than ten years old. Cater has testified before the FCC and

does some quiet lobbying in Congress where he has a number of friends from White House days. The tax law prohibits the program from extensive lobbying—though Cater's own predilections would probably curtail it anyway—but, he insists, "on public broadcasting we're known as zealots. If public broadcasting survives, I will have helped it survive."

For the most part, the action is tentative. "You have to be careful not to be handing down a testament," Cater says. "You don't want to die on the barricades." The idea is to build a constituency on communications policy, to engage (pardon the expression) in some consciousness raising. Some of that sounds like Common Cause talk but in practice Cater often makes John Gardner look like Guy Fawkes. Cater, perhaps wisely, is suspicious of any effort to put restraints on the networks: attacks on the networks merely strengthen local stations. "My own secret prejudice is that the networks are more altruistic than local stations." He is "not impressed by the quality of reformist thought" and he is wary of "citizen posses" that may, in his view, do nothing but strengthen rapacious local media barons at the expense of the Triple Crown. There is in this the characteristic quality of the Southern moderate, the deliberate specter raised with the belief that fighting words can lead to real fights and that compromise is the price of progress. "We have," he says, "defined at least two or three tiny steps for tiny feet." The little steps cost \$1,000 a day.

The cynic who has attended conferences in the rarefied atmosphere of the Aspen Institute called the enterprise "a little group of rich people who like to have some intellectuals around." That may be saying both too much and too little. Yet it is hard to comprehend AIPOCS without some understanding of the corporate Chautauqua that calls itself "the Aspen idea," without sympathetic reflection upon the magnificence of the physical setting of the Colorado conference center, and without reference to the condition and ways of an establishment which, while it may be but a shadow of its former self, still knows how to take care of its own. Although AIPOCS is not quite four years old, the parent Institute has been functioning since 1949 as "a national and international institution concerned with the human dimensions of contemporary problems." The core of that lofty concern has been a series of "seminars," most of them two weeks long, in which corporate executives and other "leaders" explore "the human condition over the ages, contrasting established convictions and habits with news ideas introduced by the readings and discussions."

Four years ago, the Institute created AIPOCS as the first of a series of "thought-leading-to-action" satellite programs. (Others have since been started in the law, education, international affairs, science, and the environment; like AIPOCS, several are headed by alumni of the last two Democratic Administrations, though none is as extensive or well funded.) Cater was a natural to head it up; he had written a book on the press (*The Fourth Branch of Government*), had worked in journalism and government, knew Aspen President Joseph E. Slater and was looking for a slot. In the apocalyptic spring of 1968, all his old bases had crumbled: Lyndon Johnson decided not to run for re-election, Max Ascoli folded *The Reporter*, and the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University, where Cater had once scholared, was being converted into a teaching arm of the university. In the next three years, Cater taught a course on the politics of health at the University of California Medical School, and wrote a novel, *Dana: The Irrelevant Man*, about a government official who



Media thinker Douglass Cater

"has a breakdown of the spirit." He had decided that he didn't want to remain in Washington as one of those people who "are just hanging on," but he had also discovered during his White House years that he had a certain "entrepreneurial talent for putting people together." There were, moreover, all those old connections—connections from the White House, connections with the universities, connections in the networks, connections in the foundations. When Cater appeared at an Aspen conference in 1970 to talk about communications, and about the need for systematic policy studies in the field, the wires began to hum. The institute had already been running conferences for broadcasters (supported in part by funds from ABC, CBS, NBC and AT&T) and regarded communications as fertile new territory. Aspen President Slater, an old boy from the State Department and the Ford Foundation, saw Cater's program as the "flagship" of an expanding Aspen program. AIPOCS would get the Aspen conference treatment, but Cater would also add the heavier elements of "research" and "action."

The old-boy networks come in clusters. For Cater, the circle includes Moyers, Pool, Friendly, Lyle Nelson, chairman of the Stanford University Communications Department (where Cater holds a sort of adjunct professorship) and a handful of others. Moyers recently did a "review" of AIPOCS for Cater and "laid down guidelines for the future"; now Cater is applying for a grant of \$180,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities (this is in addition to Cater's other NEH grant) which will allow Moyers to make a series of six PBS telecasts on "the Aspen idea"—something centering on "Culture and Democracy in America"—and which will include classroom videotapes and a "course curriculum" to be called *The American Testament*. Cater has also used Nelson—nominally his boss at Stanford—to conduct a study (with Wilbur Schramm, also of Stanford) on the financing of public television. Cater gets no pay from Stanford, but he gets all university privileges, including housing in the professorial ghetto. The university connection, Cater said, is important to Aspen and the program.

There are other networks. Aspen itself provides connections reinforcing old White House associations with people like Moyers and Bundy. When Slater became president of Aspen in 1969, he brought with him (in the words of an Aspen document) "a network of contacts and affiliations, both national and international." These contacts now include (as trustees) the two senior officers of

the Atlantic Richfield Co. (ARCO); Marion Countess Doenhoff, the publisher of *Die Zeit* (Hamburg); World Bank President Robert S. McNamara; Deputy Secretary of State Robert S. Ingersoll; the president of the Asia Society, the president of the (Industrial) Conference Board, and (as "honorary trustees"), Tom Watson, Jr. of IBM and the Shahbanou of Iran. The Shah's lady is on the masthead, said Slater, because of Aspen's interest in Persian history and culture. Aspen already runs seminars in Japan and it hopes to develop a greater involvement in the Middle East.

In 1973, Aspen further institutionalized its international contacts with the establishment of a permanent branch in Germany—Aspen/Berlin—which is directed by another old boy from State and Ford named Shepard Stone, a man who once served as an assistant Sunday editor of *The New York Times*. After a hitch as Ford's director of international affairs, Stone became president of the International Association for Cultural Freedom, a Ford philanthropy which, in an earlier incarnation as the Congress for Cultural Freedom, published *Encounter* with CIA funds. (Among the officers of the Congress was John Hunt, now Aspen's vice president.) Cater will use the Berlin center for annual conferences of editors, publishers and broadcasters on the "new news"—"reality of the world . . . context of communications . . . the coming communications revolution." He and Slater both insist that Aspen/Berlin is absolutely pure: Aspen "desired to have a working presence in Europe," Slater explained, and Berlin was a logical place. There were orchestras, museums, libraries, universities, and there were old Slater contacts with people like Willy Brandt. In addition, the city's government, "receptive to an international presence," offered money to help out. Stone, who had been sent to take over the Congress for Cultural Freedom after CIA revelations, was the ideal man to take charge. Stone and the Ford Foundation, it seemed, were always in there cleaning up the mess left by the Cold War.

"Communications," Cater said recently, "is still the neglected stepchild." The country is not yet willing "to achieve a critical mass of money and effort for the important field of communications policy." Given the resources and connections of AIPOCS, one may wonder what would constitute a critical mass, and what would happen if one were ever achieved. The tone of the complainant is tentative, the voice of a man who is not on the outside, but who is not altogether in. There is, for example, the reference to "policy." In the old days, the establishment exerted its influence on "policy" in board meetings or club rooms or simply, *ad hoc*, by calling the right people on the telephone. Now all that's changed. One of the signs of the declining influence of the old establishment is that it sometimes disguises itself as an anti-establishment upstart (e.g. Common Cause) taking on old entrenched institutions. In the case of the electronic media, however, the institutions are themselves upstarts, a fact which sometimes leads to confusion (NBC in 1975 is not quite U.S. Steel in 1902) but which nonetheless suggests a corollary with the Progressive attack on the trusts in the years before World War I. Cater's "citizen posses" are populists and greenbackers—crazies who will destroy the whole system (or make it worse) in their attempts to reform it. Aspen on the other hand, represents the old establishment ethic, if not its power—people of substance and culture who are apprehensive about the power of the technology and offended by the bad taste of the upstarts. It is an attempt to mediate, to control, and gently—ever so gently—to civilize the savages.

Too much attention [Cater writes] has been devoted to the worst of television. More should be



Come to
**Marlboro
Country.**



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Philip Morris Incorporated

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 74

paid to the best, not simply laudatory attention but the systematic examination of style and technique and message that is given to our book and film culture. Criticism should not be addressed simply to an intellectual elite; its reach should extend to the elementary and secondary school, where children can be stimulated to think about the medium which so dominates their waking hours. . . . Not just aesthetic taste but ethical concern for good and bad must distinguish this criticism.

This is vintage 1900; it is Teddy Roosevelt talking about acculturating and cleaning up the immigrants; it is John Dewey on education, and it is almost everyone talking about the dangers and possibilities of democracy. AIPOCS will try to lay on culture.

The style is crucial: the judiciousness of the literature, the well-modulated tones, the select by-invitation-only participants, the search for academic respectability: no scruffy little publishers of underground papers, no long hairs from the Pacifica stations.* Inevitably those choices generate a penchant for a certain jargon and the conventional wisdom. It is not that the participants in AIPOCS are all fat cats with illusions of grandeur, or that they are fools—though some surely are—but that they must constantly be reminded of their great responsibilities, their special burden, the obligations of status. Hence the Aspen setting, the lovely dinners, the graciousness. The process is the product: AIPOCS will hopefully infuse the new technology, its managers and its regulators with the old establishment ethic—will civilize them to do the proper thing, and will, finally, make *them* one of *us*. The program, Slater wrote, "has identified certain deep and enduring issues in this field and has helped create a new community of leaders throughout society who are concerned with both the challenges and problems which communications provide society." This is not a conspiracy; it is all in "the public interest," though here, as in all enterprises, there is the inevitable danger of confusing the public's interest with one's own. There is, of course, substance—the publications and studies, the appeals to the FCC on deregulating cable broadcasts, the gingerly lobbying in the House Commerce Committee in support of public broadcasting—but these attempts often appear almost incidental, a facade for the creation of the new network of philanthropoids, media executives, government officials, admen, social scientists and various elder statesmen who will get to know and understand each other. That objective is not part of any formal agenda, but when Cater speaks of "getting the decision makers together" that is what he is talking about.

The rallying cry is "public policy alternatives," a phrase that seems at first just an exor-

cist's slogan to shout at the Orwellian demon that Cater sometimes pretends to see just around the next dark corner. The literature is not explicit about who will formulate policy for whom or, indeed, just what the phrase means. AIPOCS conferences—at least those parts which are recorded—are no more enlightening; they have a predictable habit of agreeing on the obvious (e.g. "bringing programs in the humanities and the arts onto cable requires a concerted effort . . . to create

new financial incentives") and of kicking the stickier issues back for further study. But such enlightenment is hardly necessary because "public policy issues," pretentious as the phrase may be, reveals the secret ambition—to be to media what the Council on Foreign Relations is to international affairs, to be *it*.

Who they are is what counts. It is the positions they hold which matter, not what they do formally in their conferences or what they publish in
(continued on page 25)

The Gravy Train

Heavy thinking about the media is by no means confined to Douglass Cater's Aspen program. Philanthropoids are hard at work in all corners of the land fashioning insights by the ream. [MORE] has applied for a foundation grant in order to compile a Media Boondoggle Catalogue. Until it comes through, the sampling that follows will have to suffice.

• **Ben Bagdikian and the American University**—\$106,000 from the Markle Foundation to "explore why so many daily newspapers have stopped publication in the last several years." According to the Markle Foundation's 1973/74 Annual Report, Bagdikian is "looking for trends relating to failure."

• **Columbia University, Graduate School of Journalism**—\$43,603 from the Markle Foundation for "a study on mass communications research." The result: publication of *Mass Communications Research: Major Issues and Future Directions* (Praeger), in which editors W. Phillips Davidson and Frederick T.C. Yu admit they "have not been able to provide an integrative theory; neither can we be assured that the research problems we have identified are the most significant ones."

• **Social Science Research Council**—\$159,000 from the Markle Foundation to "study the relationship between politics and the media in the 1974 election." An additional \$21,000 grant was issued by the foundation to "support a series of conferences to determine whether a comprehensive study of the relationships between the mass media and politics in the 1976 Presidential election should be undertaken and if so, in what form."

• **University of Michigan, Institute for Social Research**—\$82,500 from the Markle Foundation to "support a research program on the social context of the mass media." A sample of an Institute report published is: *Needs, Uses and Gratifications: Contingent Mass Media Effects on Family Planning Information Acquisition Among Adolescents*.

• **University of Massachusetts**—\$45,252 from the Markle Foundation for "a survey of New England daily newspapers which will evaluate their total performance." The study and its editor, Loren Ghiglione, admit "some questions were not asked . . . The survey, for example, did not systematically attempt to gauge communities' feelings about their papers. Yet community reaction would have helped in evaluating how well newspapers are serving their towns and cities."

• **Duke University, Institute of Policy Sciences and Public Affairs**—\$300,000 from the Markle Foundation to establish a Center for Study of Communications Policy. Three reports published thus far by the Center are: *Report to the City of Durham: CATV Franchise Applications*, *Report to the Town of Chapel Hill: CATV Considerations*, and *Confining the Cable: A Brief Comment on the SSLAC*

OTP Reports.

• **Guldo Stempel III**—\$13,588 from the Twentieth Century Fund for support to study "the effects of media monopoly—the influence of media ownership on news content and on the quality of information provided the public—on three communities: Zanesville, Steubenville, and Portsmouth, all in Ohio."

• **Edward Jay Epstein**—\$127,700 from the Twentieth Century Fund to support a two-year study of wire services, "to analyze the organization and operational methods to determine whether their structure defines or affects the news." This is a second study; the first one (\$24,625 to Arthur E. Rowse) failed. The fund considered the Rowse manuscript unpublishable and surrendered all rights to Rowse. The manuscript was never published.

• **Lawrence Grauman Jr.**—\$24,625 from the Twentieth Century Fund for support of a study "of the problems of literary magazines in 1972." The fund declares in its 1974 Annual Report that Grauman "failed to submit the manuscript on his study," that it "has terminated the project," and that it "has authorized counsel to commence legal proceedings seeking recovery of a portion of the money [only Grauman's salary, according to a fund spokesman] expended by the Fund on the project."

• **Rand Corporation**—\$100,000 from the Ford Foundation to "expand studies on policy issues involving cable television, and to support research on such issues as the FCC fairness doctrine and deregulation of radio."

• **Center for Understanding Media**—\$193,000 from the Ford Foundation to "help launch series of media seminars and expanded dissemination effort, including printed materials and non-print projects."

• **Washington Journalism Center**—\$91,000 from the Ford Foundation for public opinion research and preparation of a book by Marquis Childs for the study of the role of the news media in U.S. In the *Interviews with Editors* draft of the book, Childs defines a major objective of the study: "to show the ways in which the media can overcome the doubts that exist on the score of credibility, dedication to the public interest and the relationship between the freedoms guaranteed in the First Amendment and the rights of all citizens in a free society."

• **Rand Corporation**—\$145,000 from the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation to "develop a comprehensive assessment of current knowledge of social effects of television viewing, identify needs for future research, and provide ancillary information as appropriate."

• **Syracuse University, Newhouse School of Public Communications**—\$147,800 from the William H. Donner Foundation to "establish a graduate program of Canadian communications studies and research."

* Cater says he is always trying to get new faces into his conferences and programs, but the names and titles on his list of past Aspen participants have a striking similarity. Of the 400-odd people on the list, perhaps six are working reporters. Taking a page at random: Cyril O. Houle, professor of education, University of Chicago; Brice Howard, the National Center for Experiments in Television; Jack Howard, *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Harold Howe, vice president, the Ford Foundation; Joseph Hughes, board of directors, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting; Terry Hughes, special assistant, the International Broadcast Institute, London; John Hunt, vice president, the Aspen Institute; Armand L. Hunter, director, Continuing Education Services, Michigan State University; Sol Hurwitz, vice president, The Committee for Economic Development; Sidney Hyman, University of Chicago; Jay Iselin, president, WNET, New York; David Ives, president, WGBH, Boston; Theodore J. Jacobs, executive director, The Center for Study of Responsive Law; Sidney James, WETA, Washington; Thomas James, president, The Spencer Foundation; Richard Jencks, vice president, The Corporation for Public Broadcasting; Howard W. Johnson, chairman, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Leland Johnson, Communications Policy Program, The RAND Corporation; Charlotte Jones, director, Community Programming, The TelePrompTer Corporation; Paul Kagan, Cablecast; Kas Kalba, Graduate School of Design, Harvard University; Julian P. Kanter, Collector of Political Commercials; Harold Kaplan, vice president, corporate and public affairs, the Bendix Corporation; Shirley Katzander, public relations, New York; Paul Kaufman, executive director, the National Center for Experiments in Television; Mimi Kazon, public relations consultant; Dan Kelley, staff economist, Antitrust Division, Justice Department; Bridette Kenney, Graduate School of Library Science, Drexel University. . . .

WHAT MAGAZINE HAD THE NERVE TO PUBLISH THESE NEWS MAKING ARTICLES?

LEE HARVEY OSWALD WAS INNOCENT by George O'Toole. A reliable new lie detector, used on tapes of a dead man's voice, proves that Oswald did not kill President Kennedy.

FAILURE OF THE PRESS by Harrison Salisbury. A leading journalist reveals that a national censorship could be imposed easily by the government with the "cooperation" of the press.

LA COSTA by Lowell Bergman and Jeff Gerth. Behind the plush facade of the huge California coastal resort, founded and frequented by mobsters, big-money deals are created in privacy.

THE SYSTEM HAS FAILED by Karl Hess. A fresh Libertarian analysis of the crippling authoritarianism on which America's huge and unworkable central government is founded.

VICTOR MARCHETTI, AN UNCENSORED INTERVIEW. Among the revelations of this former high CIA official was Kissinger's order that the CIA undermine the elected Chilean government of Marxist President Salvador Allende.

THE OLD SHELL GAME by Robert Sherrill. That's exactly what last winter's oil crisis was, charged investigative reporter Sherrill, adding that fake shortages have been used historically to drive up prices.

THE LAST TESTAMENT OF LUCKY LUCIANO by Martin A. Gosch and Richard Hammer. The real "Godfather," architect of the national crime syndicate, left this fascinating memoir. A Penthouse exclusive, in three parts.

THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH by David Brower. A leading environmentalist, formerly executive director of the Sierra Club and currently president of the Friends of the Earth, issued this stern, carefully documented warning of ecological disaster.

RICHARD NIXON AND ORGANIZED CRIME by Jeff Gerth. A painstaking revelation of Nixon's secret, quarter-century association with some of America's leading crooks, complete with names, dates and places.

HOW THE CIA GOT HOOKED ON HEROIN by Tom Buckley. A behind-the-scenes account of how one of the most scandalous books in recent memory, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, got written—and of how its author stayed alive.

VIETNAM VETERANS: PRISONERS OF PEACE. An innovative example of advocacy journalism, this open-ended investigation into the plight of Namvets began in March 1974 and will not end until fair treatment for veterans begins. The first article in the series was read into the Congressional Record.

PENTHOUSE®
MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

JUNE

LOOK ISRAEL
ISRAEL AND THE AMERICAN JEW
The females of the family are as formidable as the men
SUN 1

TIME
The Special
MON 2

The Only Workable NIBBLE'S DIET With 28 Delicious Recipes
Coronet
SAT 7

Parade
SOME EDUCATORS ARE ASKING IS HOMEWORK NECESSARY?
SUNDAY ADVOCATE
JACQUELINE KENNEDY: WOMAN OF COURAGE
SUN 8

Good Housekeeping
"WITH KENNEDY"
MON 9

Newsweek
PRIVACY VS. HISTORY
JACQUELINE KENNEDY AND THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT
TUES 10

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WICKED BACKSTAGE GOSSIP PLAGUING THE LAWRENCE WELK SHOW
TV and SCREEN SECRETS
JACKIE INVOLVED IN NEW LOVE TRIANGLE!
The Only Man Who Could Make Her Leave Ari Now
SUN 15

LIZA MINELLI NAMED OTHER WOMAN IN DIVORCE SUIT!
SUED FOR HALF-MILLION DOLLARS BY JEALOUS WIFE!
TV movie screen
SHE DIDN'T MARRY FOR LOVE!
The Pre-Nuptial Pact Jackie Couldn't Live Up To!
The Vow She Had To Break!
MON 16
THE NIGHT JIM FEARED FOR HER SICK SON'S LIFE! DOCTOR RUSHES TO THEIR LONDON HOME!

LIFE
JACKIE WATCHING
TUES 17

PHOTOPLAY
Servant talks! The night Ari warned Jackie:
"I'M LEAVING YOU!"
The incredible way she won him back
SCOOP PHOTOS!
DEAN & CATHY'S HONEYMOON COTTAGE
CRIPPLED FOR LIFE? RYAN O'NEAL RUSHED TO SURGERY!
WED 18

BUNTE
Der Bestseller: der Jackie Onassis mablos verärgert hat!
MON 23

McCall's
JACQUELINE ONASSIS AT 45: WHAT HER LIFE IS LIKE NOW
From the surprise book of the year "MY STORY" BY MARILYN MAHRIK
SUMMER FICTION BONUS: Four fascinating stories
WHAT MAKES A DIET REALLY WORK? by Dr. Neil Solomon
THE NIXONS' BEST FRIEND TELLS WHAT THE FAMILY IS GOING THROUGH
Good news! A survey shows most teenagers love and respect their parents
KENNEDY STYLES
25 dishes for those days when you want to cook
TUES 24

MATCH
Tournoux, sur Giscard: la fin de l'euphorie? ●●●● Paris: bataille train contre avion ●●●● Stillmann: l'Amour aura-t-elle? ●●●● Les photos sensationnelles: deux petites sœurs séparées ●●●● Psyll
Le singe qui apprend à parler ●●●● Et... le roman de la vie d'
ONASSIS: UN DESTIN ET UN HERITAGE FABUL
WED 25

Whom do the stars trust? Edith Head
Gordie Howe & sons: icy triple threat
People weekly
JACKIE WHAT NEXT?
Lorraine & Mike Wallace: she tamed the TV tiger
Loretta Lynn pushes "The Pill" in song
THURS 26

JOURNAL

First years of the First Lady
JACQUELINE KENNEDY
an exclusive look into her private picture albums

WED 11

COMING UP—A TV TOUR OF THE WHITE HOUSE
Your Guide:
THE FIRST LADY
Local Programs—Feb. 10-18

TV GUIDE

Mrs. John F. Kennedy

POST

Cars For Hunting in Virginia

THURS 5

BASKETBALL SCANDALS

PAGEANT

JOHN F. KENNEDY'S LAST WISH FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

JOURNAL

THE JACQUELINE KENNEDY STORY as only her mother knows it
New breathing exercises to help you STOP SMOKING—AND STAY THIN
PREDICT YOUR OWN FUTURE
A fascinating system that really works
SHORT HAIR CUTS THAT LOOK PRETTY

WED 11

PAT DOONE: HIS AMAZING SWITCH FROM SWINGER TO SQUARE
How Jesus Helped Him To Go Straight

Screen Mirror

TOMORROW'S HEADLINES TODAY!
JACKIE TO ADOPT A BABY!
The Orphan Child

FRI 12

TIME

FRI 13

Screen Stars

JACKIE'S SECRET LOVE AFFAIR OVER!
ARI'S SHOCKING PLANS TO SAVE HER MARRIAGE!

SAT 14

EXPOSED! THE PICTURES THAT RUINED LIZ TAYLOR

Esquire

Exclusive!
The true story behind these pictures!

THURS 19

modern screen

JACKIE AND CAROLINE'S FIGHTS OVER BOYS CLOTHES MONEY SEX

FRI 20

REYNOLDS SATISFIES NEED UNDER WOMAN
Shore forgives him?
NOW DIVORCING HER LOVE-PLA WITH ANOTHER ENRAGES ANDRE PREVIN!

Woman's Day

EXCLUSIVE! ROSE KENNEDY'S INTIMATE MEMORIES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL YEARS

SAT 21

EXPOSED! THE PORN MOVIE THAT HAUNTS MARY TYLER MOORE!
WHY SHE REFUSES TO TALK ABOUT IT!
WALTONS CHILDREN HEART-BROKEN! THE DAY THEIR MOTHER MADE THEM WEEP!

PHOTO SCREEN

Real-Life Drama Revealed!
JACKIE LOSES HER BABY!
The Shocking Way Those Pregnancy Rumors Ended!
Why She Was Afraid To Go To The Hospital!
How She Truth From Ari!

SUN 22

Nobel Prizes—Zany Fads—Grand Hotels—Zippy Songs
Good Reads—Plucky Movies—Goofy Parody

NATIONAL LAMPOON

FRI 27

good-bye to All That

Star

The Jackie photo album

NOW JACKIE TEAMS UP WITH TEDDY

Elvis Presley in love with a Playboy beauty
The one man who can worry Muhammad Ali
3-page guide to the Oscars TV spectacular

T 28

W

Odyssey continues
Jackie O in P

SUN 29

A NEW LIFE

I'LL ALWAYS BE A KENNEDY...

IN HER OWN WORDS HOW SHE REMEMBERS THE MEN WHO LOVED HER
Ari: The Love Story That Began While JFK Still Lived
The Last Surprise: Ari's Will

PICTURES SHE HOPED NO ONE WOULD EVER SEE

MON 30

Nothing Succeeds Like Failure

What may prove the most enlightening trial in the history of the newspaper business is about to begin. At issue is that five-year-old monopoly maker, the Newspaper Preservation Act.

BY DAVID M. RUBIN

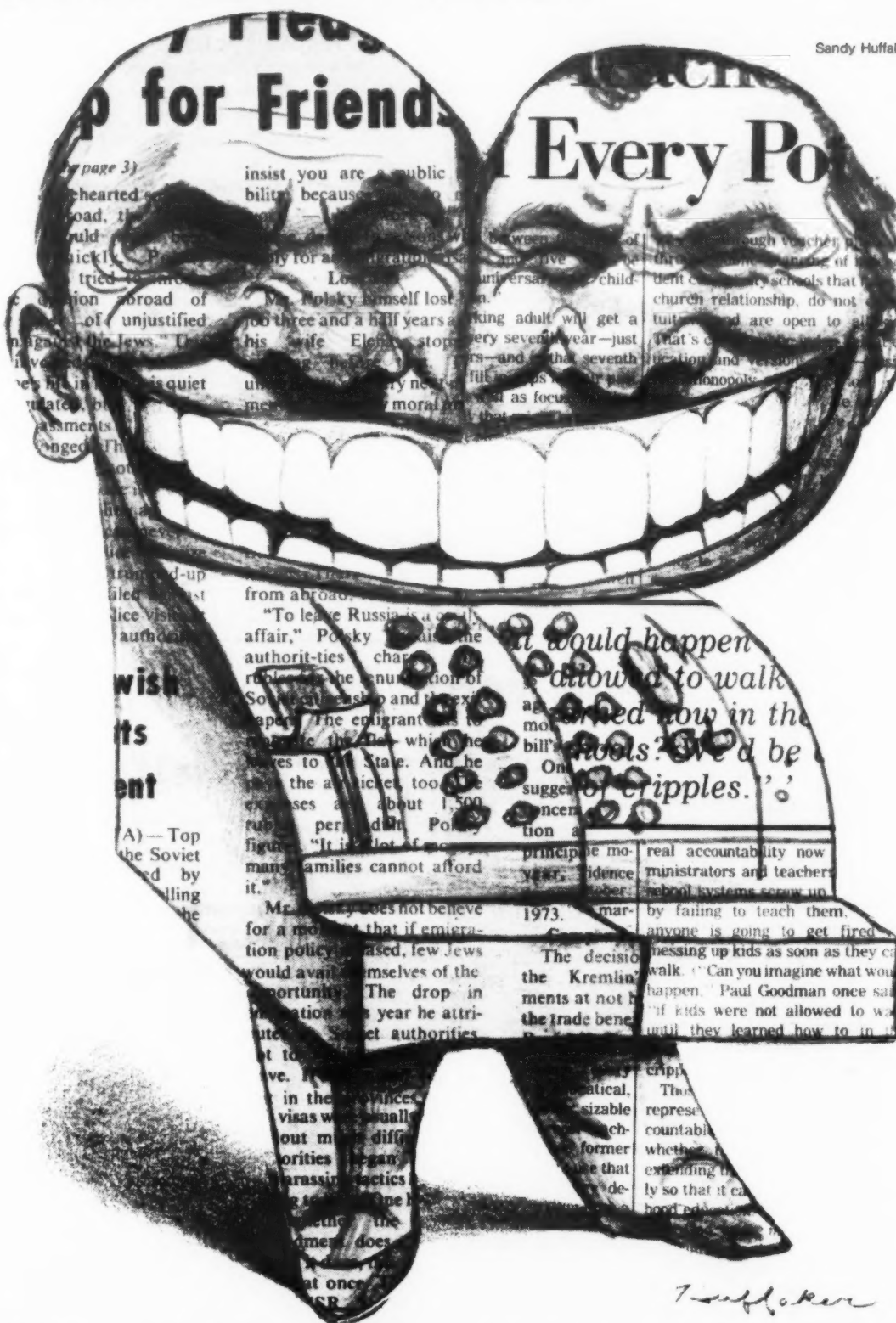
July marks the fifth anniversary of the richest piece of special interest legislation ever handed to the communications industry: the euphemistically labeled Newspaper Preservation Act. Arm in arm with lobbyists from Hearst, Newhouse, Scripps-Howard and other like champions of *laissez-faire*, Congress enthusiastically undercut antitrust law in 1970 by permitting 44 of the wealthiest and most influential publishers (22 pairs in 22 different cities) to continue operating cozy joint production monopolies in perpetuity. Now the Justice Department, in its maiden effort to administer the provisions of the act, has blessed a twenty-third wedding in yet another city—Anchorage, Alaska. Other papers are eagerly lining up for the same largesse. And a long-overdue court challenge to the 1970 act, which one communications lawyer predicts will produce "the most enlightening trial in the history of the American newspaper industry," begins May 19 in San Francisco (see page 19).

At stake is nothing less than the restoration of an open marketplace of ideas and the continuation of newspaper competition in many of the larger cities in the United States. For despite its name, the Newspaper Preservation Act only preserves the profitability of established newspapers and all but eliminates the possibility of new publications. Although the bill was sold to Congress as a way to save failing newspapers and avoid the specter of one-newspaper cities, one source who saw financial data on the papers at the time maintains that "not one of the 22 could pass a failing newspaper test," and that all were at least "marginally profitable" when the joint agreements were entered into.

Beginning with the *Albuquerque Journal and Tribune* in 1933, publishers who had been in competition with each other began to form joint operating agreements in which all business operations—printing, circulation, distribution and (most important) advertising—were handled jointly by a third company created especially for that purpose. Profits were pooled and split according to a formula based on the relative economic strength of the papers involved. Only the editorial staffs remained separate, although, as we shall see in both Anchorage and San Francisco, that separation is often an illusion at best.

In the absence of regulation or challenge, such joint arrangements quickly spread: to the *El Paso Times* and *Herald-Post* in 1936; the *Nashville Banner* and *Tennessean* in 1937; the *Evansville*

David M. Rubin is a contributing editor of [MORE] and head of the new graduate program in journalism at New York University.



(Ind.) *Courier and Post* in 1938; and so on.* In the mid-1960's, the Justice Department looked askance at these marriages and brought suit against the Tucson arrangement involving the *Citizen* and the *Star*. The department charged that such arrangements violated antitrust provisions of the Sherman and Clayton Acts. Writing for the Supreme Court in 1969 in *Citizen Publishing Co. v. United States*, Justice Douglas agreed with the Justice Department. He said that such joint arrangements run "afoul of the Sherman Act" and "comport neither with the antitrust laws nor with the First Amendment."

Fearing that Tucson would be only the first domino to fall, publishers rushed to Congress for relief. The bill they fashioned, originally titled the

Failing Newspaper Act, was a masterstroke of public relations and obfuscation. The publishers claimed that joint operating arrangements really preserved competition in that they permitted one strong paper to keep alive a weaker sister that might otherwise fold. Lobbyists for the industry were able to convince Congress that such cities as St. Louis, San Francisco, Miami and Pittsburgh could not support two completely independent newspapers. They maintained that in each case where a joint operating arrangement had been formed, one of the papers was about to go out of business. A city with jointly operated papers, with separate news departments and editorial pages, they argued, was better off than a city with only one newspaper.

Opponents charged that sanctioning such arrangements would forever end daily newspaper competition in a city and make it impossible for an alternative press to thrive or even gain a foothold in the market. They noted that Justice Douglas was prepared to permit joint operation under trad-

* The other 18 cities with joint operation are Birmingham, Ala.; Tucson, Ariz.; San Francisco; Miami; Honolulu; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Shreveport, La.; St. Louis; Lincoln, Neb.; Columbus, Ohio; Tulsa; Franklin-Oil City, Pa.; Pittsburgh; Bristol, Tenn.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Salt Lake City; Charleston, W. Va.; and Madison, Wis.

CAN'T WAIT? SUBSCRIBE FOR YOURSELF.

You're right—I'm tired of waiting on line for [MORE].
Enter a subscription in my name right away.

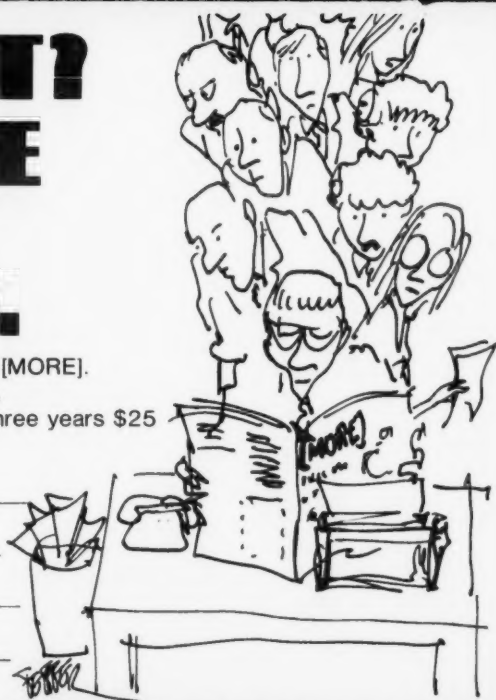
☐ One year \$10 ☐ Two years \$18 ☐ Three years \$25
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 46906
New York, NY

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp necessary if mailed in United States

Postage will be paid by

(MORE)

P.O. Box 576, Ansonia Station
New York, NY 10023



itional failing company doctrine, but that none of the papers could qualify under such a standard and thus needed special exemption from antitrust law.*

That is what they got. The Newspaper Preservation Act overturned the Supreme Court decision in *Citizen Publishing* and granted an antitrust exemption to any joint operation in which one of the papers was "in probable danger of financial failure," a standard weaker than failing company doctrine. Not surprisingly, Congress was able to shoehorn all 22 arrangements into this category. The act also tossed out all suits that had previously been filed against the newspapers for violation of antitrust law. To mollify the critics, any new agreements formed subsequent to the act had to receive written permission from the Attorney General, and the permission would be granted only if one of the papers could meet the new failing newspaper test.

The act left intact the linchpin of the combines: the joint advertising rate. Typically, once an agreement has been formed, each paper raises its own ad rate to an unconscionably high level. In San Francisco, for example, the *Chronicle* doubled its ad rate in 1965 when the agreement was formed, and the *Examiner*, the weaker of the two papers, raised its by 50 per cent. The papers offered a joint rate, however, that permitted purchase of space in both papers for only slightly more than the cost of space in the *Chronicle* alone. Advertisers were thus whipsawed into buying space in both papers. The joint rate is set high enough, of course, to substantially increase revenues to both papers. Competition is kept out of the market because few advertisers can afford to purchase space in the jointly operated papers and in a third paper, and few advertisers will risk leaving the pages of the joint papers for the new competitor.

The number of American cities with two truly competitive papers has dwindled to about three dozen, among them Buffalo, Denver, Cincinnati, Detroit, Dallas, Houston, and Cleveland. For them the vigor with which the Justice Department intends to enforce the Newspaper Preservation Act is of great importance. Until last December, Anchorage was also on the list of cities with competitive papers. No more. Now the afternoon Anchorage *Daily Times*, owned by Robert B. Atwood, and the morning *Daily News*, owned by Katherine Fanning, have brought joint operation to the pipeline state. With evidence mounting that the Cleveland *Press* and *Plain Dealer* are about to fall into each other's arms by forming the twenty-fourth such agreement, the behavior of Justice in granting the touchstone Anchorage exemption is instructive.

Although Justice opposed passage of the act in 1970, its oversight of the Anchorage exemption was so myopic that other papers will be encouraged to claim the same privilege. Justice signalled its marshmallow stance in January 1974 when it published rules in the *Federal Register* for enforcing the act. The department stated, in direct opposition to Congressional intent, that papers embarking on joint publication did *not* have to seek prior written approval from the Attorney General. As a convenience they might *choose* to seek approval; otherwise they could go about their business without the A.G.'s consent, reasonably secure in the knowledge that the department was not likely to prosecute on antitrust grounds. The

* Mergers and other arrangements in restraint of trade between competitive companies are permissible under the judicially created failing company doctrine if, wrote Douglas, "the resources of one company [are] so depleted and the prospects for rehabilitation so remote" that it faces "the grave possibility of business failure." Further, there must be no other prospective purchaser for the company other than its competitor. This test was not met in Tucson; nor could it likely have been met in the other 21 situations. If the Newspaper Preservation Act really was meant to save papers on the verge of failure it would not be needed at all, since a merger or some similar arrangement would be legal under the failing company doctrine.

Newspaper Guild challenged the Justice Department on this cavalier interpretation of the act and won its point on July 23, 1974 in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia. Justice is now appealing that decision. The episode was, nevertheless, an ominous prelude to Anchorage.

What Justice approved in Alaska is joint operation between the two largest papers in a state

which has only five other dailies, four of which have a combined circulation of fewer than 10,000 copies. Anchorage, which may become the state capital, already has 56 per cent of Alaska's population and is expected to grow another 32 per cent by 1980, a projection made *before* plans to build the oil pipeline were confirmed. In such a frontier city, Justice has effectively ended newspaper compe-

Opening Hearst's Books

Only two days after President Nixon signed the Newspaper Preservation Act in 1970, Bruce Bruggmann filed suit to break up the newly sanctioned media monopoly in San Francisco. The editor of the muckraking *Bay Guardian*, Bruggmann has pursued the jointly operated *Chronicle* and *Examiner* for five years, impecunious though he is. Finally, a landmark decision on the legality of the San Francisco operation is at hand.

In the first part of his suit, decided by Judge Oliver J. Carter in U.S. District Court in Northern California in July, 1972, Bruggmann argued that the Newspaper Preservation Act is unconstitutional because it unfairly encourages a journalistic monopoly and threatens the existence of his monthly. The judge upheld Congress's right to enact the law, but he was less than enchanted with it. "It may be," he wrote, "that Congress could have adopted a less heavy-handed piece of legislation to accomplish the objective of maintaining the solvency of large metropolitan daily newspapers. However this Court does not detect any compulsion for such rectitude in either the First or Fifth

competing fiercely for the morning market.) Rather than "preserving" a newspaper, the solution to the competitive problem killed a paper. Does the act countenance such action? "There was never a time in San Francisco newspaper history," says Cooper, "where there was just one morning and one afternoon paper in competition, which is the situation the Newspaper Preservation Act was designed to cover." Judge Carter will have to decide if this form of "preservation" is what the act was intended to protect.

Second, were the Hearst papers really "failing" in 1965? Financial data from the entire Hearst Corporation has been subpoenaed and is under seal of the court. It will be revealed once the trial begins May 19, but interpreting the figures is likely to be a laborious and argumentative procedure. Nevertheless, this part of the case should present a rare look at the private world of chain newspaper finances, as figures for all the Hearst papers will be introduced, along with figures for the *Chronicle*.

Finally, Cooper and Barnett will try to demonstrate that the editorial and news policies of the two papers are not separate, as required by the act. This will be difficult to prove since many of the examples to be introduced hinge on the notion of news judgment, which is, of course, a slippery one to pin down. To prepare for this phase of the case, the attorneys have been taking depositions from many San Francisco editors and reporters on the subject of news judgment, and Barnett says this will provide some lively reading. They will attempt to show that both papers blacked out stories on the construction of a garish broadcast transmission tower on Mt. Sutro in San Francisco until the eyesore was well under way. The *Chronicle's* television station KRON now broadcasts from that tower. They will attempt to show that the papers cooperated in covering the Patricia Hearst kidnapping, sharing leads and holding scoops under orders of the *Examiner's* publisher, Ms. Hearst's father. They will present evidence that a weekend entertainment column was written for both papers by an employee of the San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company, which manages the business affairs of the papers. Other examples will be introduced where stories embarrassing to one paper or the other were blacked out in both. They will have to convince Judge Carter that such decisions result not from coincidental news judgments by *Chronicle* and *Examiner* editors, but from a pattern of cooperation in which the editorial operations are as close as the business operations. The attorneys also will attempt to show how the *Chronicle*, the stronger paper, dictates news budgets and related operational procedures to the weaker *Examiner*.

The trial is expected to last from three to four weeks. Without doubt the best coverage will appear in the *Bay Guardian*, as Bruggmann gets his best shot at the "Exonicle," as he likes to call it.

—D.M.R.



Amendment. Congress has legislated under the Commerce Clause and this Court will uphold the ability of Congress to so act even if its decision may have been unwise."

Encouraged by Carter's skepticism, Bruggmann is pressing the case against the monopoly on other grounds—also before Judge Carter—beginning May 19 in San Francisco. This time, according to Bruggmann's attorneys Josef Cooper and Stephen R. Barnett, a University of California law professor, the court will be asked to decide three questions on the applicability of the act to the San Francisco papers.

First, do the unusual circumstances surrounding the wedding of the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* in 1965 disqualify them from the antitrust exemption? To create the joint operation, the Hearst Corporation folded the afternoon *News-Call-Bulletin* and moved its morning *Examiner* to the afternoon. This left the Thieriot family's *Chronicle* alone in the morning market and the *Examiner* alone in the afternoon. (The two had been

tition. Would-be publishers with a shirttail full of type will do better to look to Valdez or Deadhorse for a home.

The Anchorage agreement illustrates once again how attractive joint operation can be for the dominant newspaper in the partnership, and how damaging it can be to the community. For the conservative and Republican *Daily Times* (circ: 41,069), the agreement brings a number of delights.

First, the "failing" *Daily News* (circ: 15,079), a more liberal and Democratic paper, has relinquished operations of its Sunday paper to the *Times*, thereby increasing the latter's share of weekly Anchorage newspaper readership from 68 per cent to 72 per cent. This will further imbalance editorial opinion in Alaska, which is heavily conservative and Republican already.

Second, the agreement insures for the *Times* its dominant news and economic position in Anchorage for many years to come because it permits the *Times* to dictate the *News*'s editorial budget. According to the agreement, in figuring profits at year's end, the *Times* will permit the *News* to deduct as an operating expense not more than \$530,000 for running its news and editorial operation. This is \$67,000 less than the *News* spent last year as an independent paper of supposedly "failing" quality. This part of the agreement seems to be in direct violation of the Newspaper Preservation Act, which requires that "editorial policies be independently determined." Clearly the *News* can never challenge the *Times* as a source of news in Anchorage with a one-cylinder editorial budget like this one.

Third, the *Times* guaranteed itself the fatter share of any profits once the joint operating agreement begins to resuscitate the *News*'s finances. The agreement requires that the *Times* receive 10 per cent of the *News*'s first \$100,000 of net profit. The *Times*'s share increases on a sliding scale to 20 per cent of the next \$400,000; 30 per cent of the next \$500,000; 40 per cent of the next \$1 million; up to 90 per cent of all profits over \$5 million. The *News* receives no share of the *Times*'s profits—just enough welfare money to limp along and pay its bills until it begins to turn a profit. Then the *Times* will treat it like a sharecropper with a permanent debt to the company store.

Because of the agreement, the *Times* no longer has to worry about newspaper competition in Anchorage. If the *News* had folded, the *Times* would have had to protect its flank in the morning market by starting another paper or competing with a new one. This way the feeble *News* pre-empted both the morning market and the liberal viewpoint, and the *Times* can dictate the terms on which it will operate.

Charles Stark, an attorney in the antitrust division of the Justice Department who worked on approval of the Anchorage request, says that the department could only consider the narrow issue of whether the *News* was a failing newspaper. "Congress," he says, "already made the social judgment that it is better for the community to save the paper than to make the determination that it might be better if it folded." The concentration of power in the hands of the *Times* and the lopsided nature of the agreement, he says, were not germane to the Justice investigation. So that leaves but one germane question: Was the *Daily News* at least a failing newspaper?

The *Daily News* was purchased in 1967 by Lawrence Fanning, former editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and later the *Chicago Daily News*. Fanning bought the paper from Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brown, who founded it in 1946. Fanning died of a heart attack in 1971 and the paper has been run ever since by his widow

Katherine, who was formerly married to Marshall Field IV. Justice asked for the *News*'s financial records back to 1968 only. They have no information on how the Browns ran the *News*.

The paper's record under the Fannings is indeed sickly. The net loss in 1968 was \$259,000; in 1971 the deficit was \$573,000; and in 1973 it was \$625,000. The Fannings estimate that they have pumped more than \$3 million into the paper to keep it afloat.

To nudge Justice into granting the exemption, the paper's attorneys in Chicago, Sidley & Austin, wrote the department on Nov. 26, 1974, to report that the paper was "almost certain to close on Dec. 1, 1974" if joint operation was not approved by Attorney General Saxbe. Termination notices, the lawyers said, had already been given to all production employees; there was not enough newsprint in the shop to publish beyond Dec. 1; and no advertising had been solicited beyond that date. Take it or leave it.

Why, under seven years of the Fannings, had the paper reached this desperate condition? Justice doesn't know. Why did the paper's ad rate per column inch bounce wildly up and down from \$1.31 to \$2.41 between 1969 and 1973? Why did the paper wait until 1973 to boost its single copy rate from 10c to 15c? Why does Mrs. Fanning give away 2,000 papers each morning (more than one-eighth of the total audited circulation) as samples and complimentary copies? (The *Times*, with a circulation three times as large, gives away 200 copies a day.) Is it significant that ad revenues increased 35 per cent in 1972 and another 26 per cent in 1973, and that circulation is up by 34 per cent since 1969? Is the *News* a failing newspaper? Is this a newspaper that deserves to be saved with an antitrust exemption? None of the questions is answered satisfactorily in the Justice Department's report.

Given the distance from Anchorage to Washington, the number of unanswered questions and the fact that this is the first exemption to be requested under the act, the Attorney General should have called a public hearing. He didn't, says Stark, because "there was no material issue of fact which needed to be resolved at a hearing." Nor was there much of a public outcry about the antitrust exemption. Only a handful of letters in opposition were received at Justice. No organized groups of newspaper people, academicians or lawyers intervened. Who cares about Anchorage? The exemption was granted Dec. 2, and the monopoly is presently in operation.

Now that Anchorage is number 23, Cleveland may be number 24. Rumors of merger or consideration frequently grow out of labor unrest, and Cleveland is now rife with them in the wake of a six-week strike of The Newspaper Guild and a shutdown of both papers during the past Christmas

holiday. Tom Boardman, editor of the afternoon *Press* (a Scripps-Howard paper and the one likely to be designated as "failing" for purposes of the exemption), says the paper is "just swimming out of a \$7 million loss from that strike." Boardman apologized that Scripps-Howard would not permit him to discuss the paper's finances, but he did say that the idea of forming a joint operation agreement with the morning *Plain Dealer* (a Newhouse paper) "has been a matter of conversation as long as I've been here." He counters, however, that it is no more imminent today than in years past.

If that is so, it may be because Scripps-Howard cannot yet demonstrate that the *Press* is a failing newspaper, even to the satisfaction of Justice. It wouldn't be hard to do, though, once the company decides the time is ripe. Scripps-Howard can easily shuffle intracorporate costs to artificially depress the profits of any given link in the chain. Financial ledgerdom or no, circumstantial signs abound that a joint production agreement is in the offing in Cleveland.

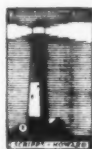
Seven Scripps-Howard and two Newhouse papers are profitably involved in joint operations already; in Birmingham, Ala., the two chains are presently partners in the joint operation of the *Post-Herald* and *News*, although Newhouse bought the *News* after it was formed. (There is no provision in the act for re-examining an agreement in light of new ownership or any other changed economic circumstances.) In Cleveland the two papers are represented by the same law firm—Baker, Hostetler and Patterson—which also represents all of Scripps-Howard and is thus well-versed in the fine points of joint operations. The two papers are also linked through membership in the Cleveland Newspaper Publishers Association, a bargaining agent that deals with most of the craft unions at the two papers. The *Press* and *Plain Dealer* are the only members of the CNPA.

In the recent strike the *Press* did not act like a paper much interested in vigorous economic competition with the *Plain Dealer*. The strike was started by the *Plain Dealer* unit of the guild for parochial reasons. For the first five days, the *Press* continued to publish. On the sixth day it published an edition with the flags of both papers at the top, including inside some editorial material from *Plain Dealer* writers exempt from the strike. On the ninth day, the *Press* requested truck drivers to deliver the double-flag edition to both *Press* and *Plain Dealer* delivery stops. When the drivers refused, and when a Cleveland judge denied the *Plain Dealer*'s request for an injunction against the striking unions, the *Press* joined the strike by locking out its employees.

Boardman offers the standard solidarity rationale for shutting the *Press*: he did not want his paper to be used by the unions to drive a fellow publisher to the bargaining table. He argued that

(continued on page 27)

SUBURBAN RESULTS ON D 12-14



No. 24621

The Cleveland Press



15 Cents

Wednesday, November 6, 1974

THE PLAIN DEALER

RHODES WINS, RECOUNT LIKELY;

New Times. Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.

Superman we are not.

But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like Mighty Mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to our size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera that Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.



Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is the magazine of what's happening and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our own medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into now.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person.

You can have 18 issues of the magazine of what's happening for only \$4.97. That's \$3.33 less than the regular subscription price—\$8.53 less than the newsstand price. The coupon below will do the trick.

Join us. Start to roar a little.

The ten dumbest congressmen



Alice Cooper's show stopper



NEW TIMES

The Mouse that Roars

Detach and mail to:
NEW TIMES, PO Box 2948,
Boulder, Colorado 80302.

6154

Send me 18 issues of NEW TIMES for only \$4.97; a saving of \$3.33 over the regular subscription price—\$8.53 less than the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

How To Find Your Most Magnetic Self

BY MARY McGEACHY NACHMAN

The Lilyan Wilder Service is a service designed to aid Anchormen, Reporters, Sportscasters, and other personalities who appear before the camera in television to reach their maximum potential as communicators. . . . The performer is helped to be his most magnetic self.

—From "The Prospectus" of the Lilyan Wilder Service

I arrived for my lesson a few minutes early. I had come for one session with Lilyan Wilder to get her judgment of my talent as a potential broadcasting drama critic. She normally doesn't take anyone for one session; but since I'd had some on-air experience and knew some of her students, she had agreed to take a look. I'd recently had a few unsuccessful auditions and wanted to know exactly where I was going wrong. Moments after I appeared at her Manhattan apartment she bustled into the living room, an energetic woman in her middle forties. Her first words were: "You're so pretty!" I liked her immediately.

But even at \$50 per session, could she help me become my "most magnetic self"? Certainly she had helped dozens of others, from Kathleen Pepino, of Atlanta's WQXI-TV, to Cal Ramsey, who does "color" for the New York Knicks, to the entire staff of WCAU-TV in Philadelphia. More and more, would-be Walter Cronkites and Barbara Walters are taking themselves—or being sent by their stations—to Lilyan Wilder. After looking over her impressive list of students, I thought maybe Wilder could explain why the Chauncey Howell you meet at a cocktail party—flamboyant, bouncy, funny, energetic—is not the same serious, reasoned Chauncey Howell, drama critic, you meet on WNBC-TV's "NewsCenter 4," where the fizz

Mary McGeachy Nachman, formerly with "The David Frost Show" and WABC-TV, is now on the staff of the WNET-TV series, "Assignment America."

Dozens of would-be Walter Cronkites are making the pilgrimage to Lilyan Wilder's Manhattan studio, where she dispatches bothersome accents by getting her pupils to croon along with Frank Sinatra.

seems to have gone out of him; why the Pat Collins you see at intermission in the theater—personable, lively, real—is twice as interesting as the super-sincere Pat Collins who does reviewing on WCBS-TV; or finally, and ironically, why Rose Ann Scamardella (of the pronounced Brooklyn rasp) is exactly the same on WABC-TV as off.

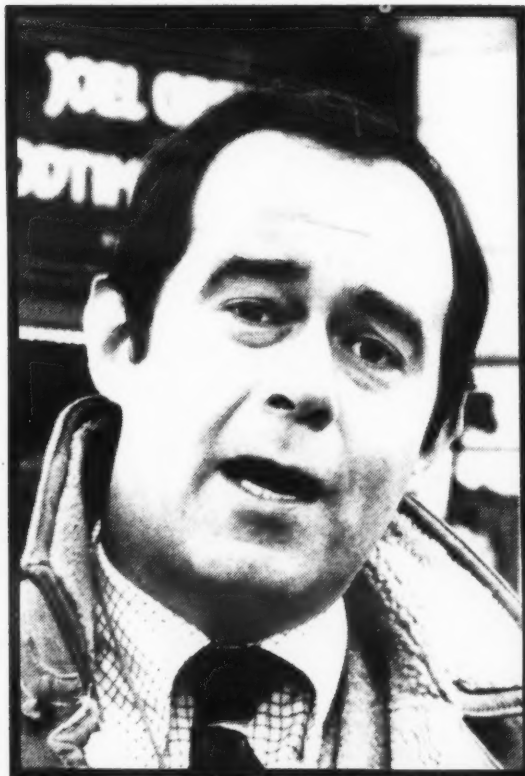
Wilder led me down a hall to a small bedroom that was her studio and, without any preliminaries, said, "Let's get to work." For practice copy, I had written a review of the musical "Over Here" and a piece on comedian David Frye. I sat at a desk a few inches from a microphone and about two feet from her mini-camera. She stood by the tape machine about five feet away from me. I had heard that one of the best things about going to Wilder was being able to review yourself immediately on tape playback. She said encouragingly, "Well, read and let's see how you do." I read my copy to the camera as well as I could.

We watched the "instant replay" in silence. "What do you think?" she asked. I couldn't really

pinpoint what was wrong, so I tried something like, "I sure look down a lot." Wilder turned off the machine, pulled up a chair a few feet in front of me and sat right next to the camera. In a sincere, imploring tone she said, "Now. Tell me about 'Over Here'." I began to reread the review and she'd question or comment as if we were in conversation. Then she went back to the machine and said, "Do it again, just like you were talking to me a few minutes ago. As a viewer, I've got to know that you care about my reaction to your thoughts and you've got to give me time to react. The meaning of what you write is lost if you don't present it well. Now, let's try again."

The difference was startling when she played it back this time. I'd gone from a kind of glazed I'm-reading-this-review-to-you look into a normal human being trying to get the viewer interested in what I had to say. I would have hired me right then, only my head tipped to one side a little (she said it took away some of my authority). She placed a book on my head, as in the old modeling brochures. It was fun. I guess I seemed surprised at the immediate improvements and she said, "Television demands a definite technique. It's more creative than the single art of acting, writing, producing—it's the combination of those skills and it's very hard to do."

My hour was nearly finished. Wilder got down to specifics: Don't forget to emphasize strong verbs and nouns, know your copy, be very familiar with it. "Memorize it?" I asked (thinking that would be ideal). "Oh, no!" she said. "As a viewer I don't want to worry if you can't remember the next line—I want you to look down, otherwise I'm nervous for you. Know your first thought and the beginning of the second and then in the middle of the second thought look down and pick up the third." I tried it, and it worked. She said I should work on my "a"s and "i"s: "You're an intelligent-sounding person, so why let a harsh sound like your



Charmian Reading

Chauncey Howell, WNBC: You have to learn how to flirt with the camera. Lilyan establishes this flirtatious relationship with her male students.



NBC

Tom Snyder, WNBC: I've never worked on my voice. It never occurred to me. If you can't talk, you shouldn't be on TV.



Charmian Reading

Rose Ann Scamardella, WABC: She wanted me to buy blouses with flowers. Everything I bought with her I haven't worn.

'a' detract?" (I had a flat Midwestern "a.") "A' is softer if you keep your tongue down while forming the sound. And don't say 'mi-yun,' it's mill-ion."

Before I left, I read through my pieces a few more times. She complimented me again and seemed concerned that I didn't have a job in TV. So concerned, in fact, she gave me a name at Newsweek Broadcasting. Buoyed by her interest, I thanked her and said I'd be in touch. As I was leaving, she slipped a cassette into her videocorder to tape "The Pat Collins Show," a daily WCBS-TV public affairs program in New York. Collins, a Wilder alumna, was interviewing one of her teacher's more recent students, Assemblyman Andrew Stein, about his role in the nursing home investigation. "I wish Pat wouldn't wear that glossy lipstick, and she has to watch that over-extending of her words," Wilder said. Both of us looked at Andrew Stein. She said she'd been working with him for several weeks and thinks he's smoother: "A lot of it has to do with the fact that he's matured through this nursing home thing—he's really grown up." I asked her who recommended that Stein work with her and she wouldn't say—like a psychiatrist, she didn't want to talk about her patients. She did mention that she had been at WNBC-TV's "News-Center 4" for consultation that morning, and talked with me about going on the road with CBS's "Game of the Week" sportscasters.

Five years ago, Lilyan Wilder was teaching voice and diction at the Lee Strasberg Institute in New York. A method actress, with degrees in interpretation and theater from Northwestern University, she had taught public speaking at Brooklyn College and summer courses of "On-Air Delivery Techniques" at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. (She's also done TV soaps, "The Defenders," and understudied Faye Dunaway at the American Place Theatre.) WPVI-TV, the Philadelphia ABC affiliate, called the Strasberg Institute in search of a voice and diction coach for the New York Yankees ex-first baseman, Bill White, then being groomed as a sportscaster. "Ex-athletes come from the physical world," explains Wilder. "It's a whole new world for them to use only their minds. The ex-jocks'

dilemma is not being able to describe the game because they're too close to it. I have to teach them to think on their feet."

Bill White, now a Yankees announcer, didn't like the idea of lessons right away; he didn't want to lose his "black quality." "It took her about a month to win me over and then it all started making sense," he now recalls. "In the beginning there were certain phrases I wanted to hang on to—I guess they were clichés. Like I used to say, 'There ain't no way.' She convinced me they weren't professional sounding. She also helped me with diction and eye contact—making me believable." White is such a devotee of Miss Wilder's that he drives in from his home in Pennsylvania for coaching sessions, which undoubtedly helped him recently land a regular spot on the "Today" show.

(Last November, bolstered by Bill White's success, Wilder decided to go network with her sports coaching. She approached Bob Wexler, head of CBS Sports, after reading in *Variety* that Wexler wanted to bring "theatricality and excitement" to sports. She knew they'd had problems with Elgin Baylor last year so she offered her services to Oscar (Big O) Robertson and his basketball "Game of the Week" crew. CBS-TV hired her for intensive coaching wherever the games were being played. At out-of-town games she worked with the "Big O," converting any hotel room into a mini-studio.)

After the greying of Bill White in Philadelphia, Wilder's big break in TV news came in 1973 when producers of New York City newscasts were engaged in a ratings skirmish and brought in new, untried talent: Carl Stokes, ex-mayor of Cleveland and new anchorman in town, needed some emergency work over at WNBC-TV; Al Primo, then producer of WABC-TV's "Eyewitness News," had a couple of amateurs on his hands, Rose Ann Scamardella and Jim Bouton; Ed Joyce, director of news at WCBS-TV, thought all of his reporters should go for at least one session with Wilder.

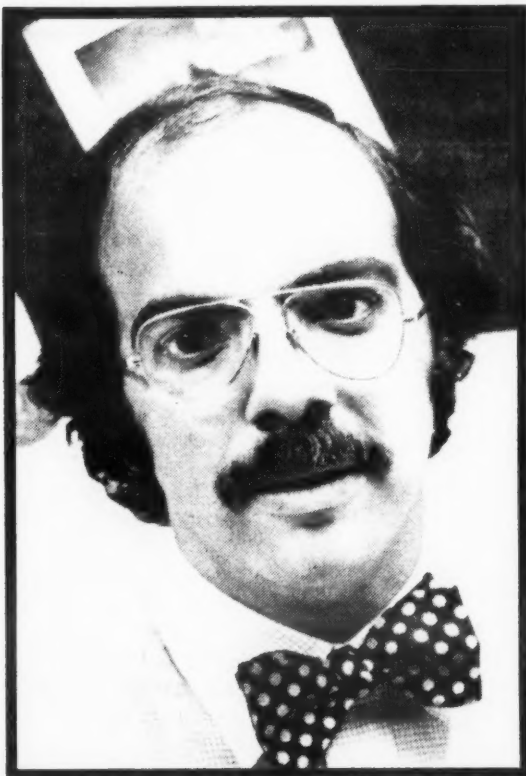
Would-be television stars make the pilgrimage to Wilder's studio for varying reasons. WCBS-TV's Trish Reilly wanted to lower her voice,

simplify her writing and overcome her nervousness; Peter Bonventre, a sportswriter for *Newsweek* wanted to loosen up in front of the camera for his Newsweek Broadcasting stints; Al Primo sent Bouton because his head kept bobbing up and down; veteran WPIX-TV anchorman, Joe Harper, was rusty, and Chauncey Howell, former feature writer/columnist for *Women's Wear Daily*, was sent because Earl Ubell, director of news at "News-Center 4," thought him too animated for TV.

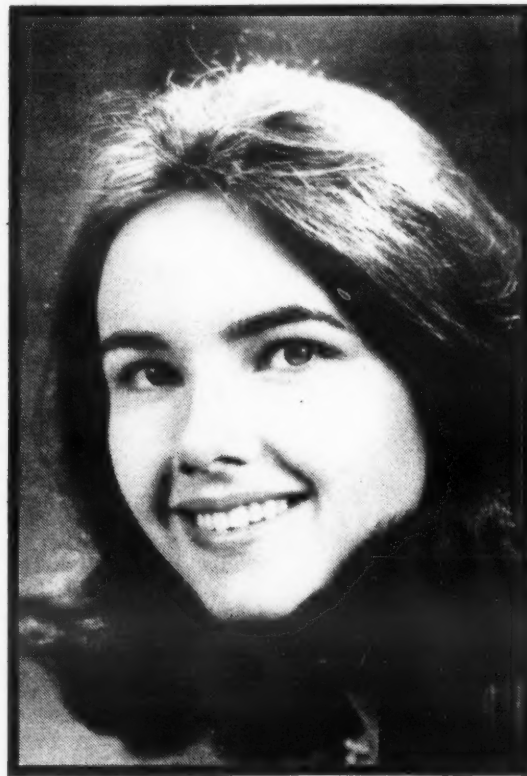
Ubell believes in voice coaching because he's been through the process himself. "A trained voice in television is as important as learning how to write," he says. A former baggy-pants journalist turned TV science reporter when the *Herald-Tribune* folded, he says he spent hours ridding himself of his Brooklyn accent, exchanged his baggy pants for TV tight ones and is proud of his transformation. He apparently sees no conflict in changing a reporter's appearance and speech patterns when, at the same time, he and Wilder insist they are striving to bring out the real person underneath.

Wilder and Ubell agree that the "Today" show's Jim Hartz is one of the best examples of a real person on television. The perfect broadcaster, Hartz is the same on-camera as off. They marvel at his intimacy with the audience, his ability to convince his viewers *they* are the only thing that counts. "The off-camera persona is what I want to see on camera," insists Ubell. "The worst offense is to be something you're not." But what about Chauncey Howell? Wilder and Ubell have convinced him that his "off-camera persona" is a little too much for television. Howell agrees: "I mean, after watching Jim Hartz and those other people, I'd seem like a real ham to the viewer. At first I fought this because I thought it was boring, and that TV was filled with boring people. But, I realize now you can't be a ham on TV—we'd be monstrosities."

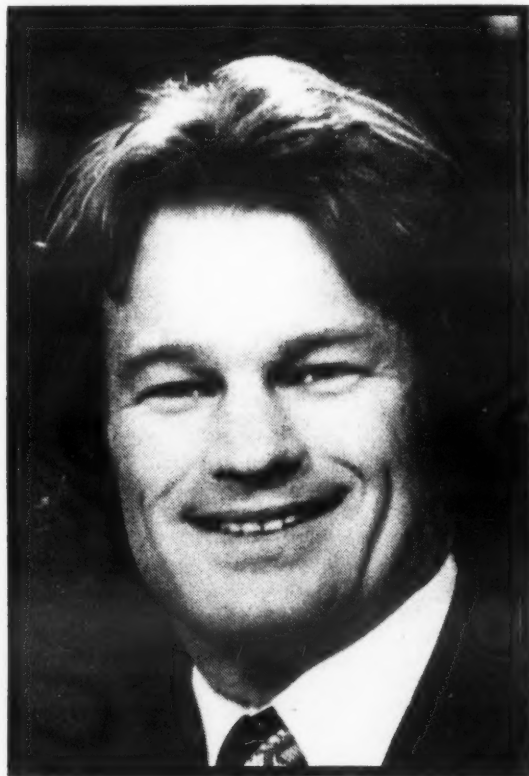
To tame such creatures, Wilder lets them indulge their taste for ham—in *her* studio. Howell, for example, renders passages from Dickens—so convincingly that Wilder sometimes cries. He also



Peter Bonventre, Newsweek Broadcasting: She loosened me up a bit but, you know, it's kind of hard when you consider yourself a professional journalist to do all that B.S.

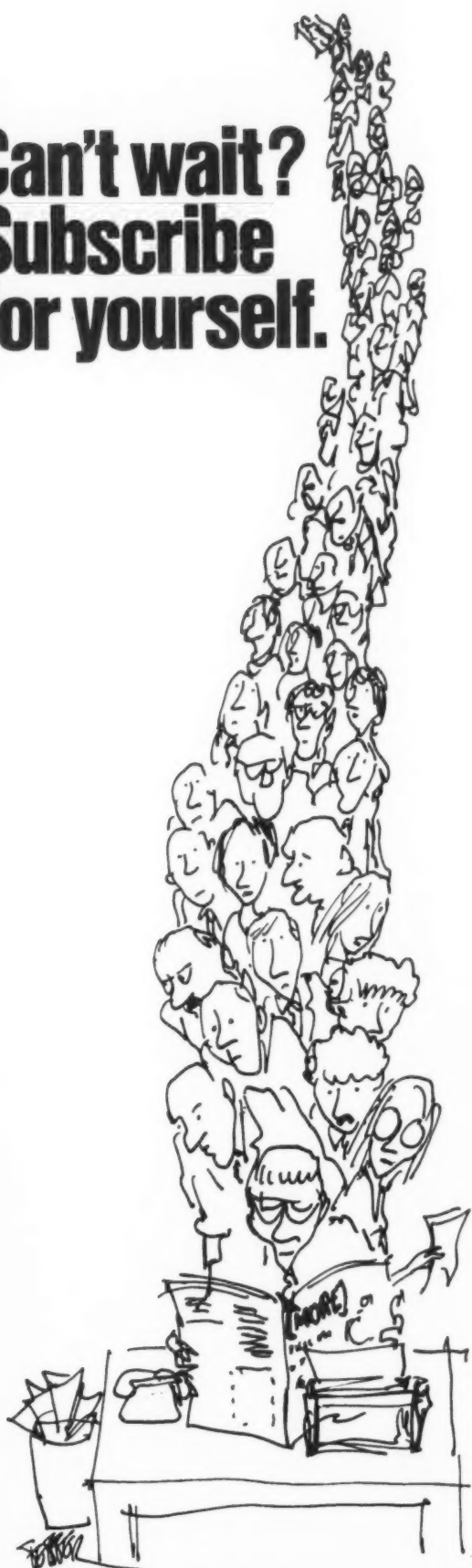


Trish Reilly, WCBS: She does a whole psychological number on you—the ultimate Jewish mother inquiring into your eating habits, wanting to know how much sleep you got.



Jim Bouton, WCBS: She was a little bit too abstract for me. She wanted me to get some books out of the library and read poetry.

**Can't wait?
Subscribe
for yourself.**



Send to: [MORE]
Box 576, Ansonia Station
New York, New York 10023

M56

I'm tired of standing in line. Start sending me [MORE] right away.

- ☐ One year \$10
☐ Two years \$18 ☐ Three years \$25
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

24 [MORE]

sings along with Paul Robeson records to deepen his voice. Scamardella sang along with Ella Fitzgerald, but with less enthusiasm. "I sang 'April in Paris' in those sessions two times a week for four months, and I still sound like I come from Brooklyn." Bonventre crooned with Frank Sinatra. All this singing—there was poetry, too—scared Bouton off. "I didn't want to be slick or polished. I think I relate better and, besides, it's much easier to be myself. After a while your personality comes through anyway; you just have to know who you are."

Rose Ann Scamardella knew who she was—she was a personnel manager for a shipping company whisked away from her job to be made an "Eyewitness News" star. Wilder had a novice on her hands. She not only worked on Scamardella's voice, diction and projection, but tried to tidy her up, too. Managements encourage Wilder to discuss parts in your hair, make-up and clothing. Her sessions with Scamardella extended into Ohrbach's and Alexander's. "She wanted me to buy blouses with flowers," Scamardella recalls. "Everything I bought with her I haven't worn." Wilder suggested to Howell that he shop at an Italian import store, but he stuck with his prep-school-teacher look.

Sometimes a reporter's writing style won't do, either. Though TV news producers say they don't send people to Wilder to deal with "content," she says: "Through training with my students, I've learned an awful lot about writing and how to put a piece together. With what I call my '12-year-old mentality' I'm not afraid to ask questions and in so doing I've simplified their writing." Print people slipping into TV find the transition difficult. When Trish Reilly, with six years of magazine writing behind her, arrived at WCBS-TV, one producer said: "You're a very good writer, and you're going to have to get over it." Reilly says Lilyan Wilder is great at spotting non-broadcast writing. She can point out a sentence that doesn't communicate because it is too tangled, or because it has a metaphor you can grasp when you read it on paper, but you can't when you hear it.

If a TV reporter doesn't untangle his metaphors and get rid of distractions—hair too short, old-fashioned glasses, shiny lipstick, tilted head, a squeaky voice—no one will listen, according to Wilder. She told Bonventre to get new glasses, a toupee, to trim his moustache and lose 20 pounds. "I think you're adorable," she told him, "but it just won't go over." Confused, Bonventre asked: "Well, if you think I'm adorable why won't other people think I'm adorable?" "It just won't do," she explained.

ELAINE'S FOR LUNCH

Back Issues

A limited supply of back issues of [MORE] are available to our readers. All but November, 1971 and October, 1972 can be acquired at the following prices:

1971-1972 (vol. I-II) . . .	\$3.00 each
1973 (vol. III)	2.00 each
1974-75 (vol. IV-V) . . .	1.00 each

Please indicate the issues you need, enclosing payment with your order, and send to [MORE], 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Att: Back Issues.

**To
[MORE]**

**and
the press corps**

**press critics
and
guests of
LIEBLING IV:**

**Have a nice
Counter-Convention**

**From the film-makers
and distributors
(one and the same)**

Antonia
and
**I.F.
STONE'S
WEEKLY**

Antonia

A film by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow.
Photographed by Coulter Watt.
Distributed by Rocky Mountain Productions,
P.O. Box 315, Franklin Lakes, New Jersey 07417.
Telephone: (201) 891-8240
Prints still available for summer screenings.

I.F. Stone's Weekly

A film by Jerry Bruck Jr.
Distributed by Open Circle Cinema,
P.O. Box 315, Franklin Lakes, New Jersey 07417.
Telephone: (201) 891-8240.
Available now for rental and long-term lease.

Douglass Cater's Secret Mission

(continued from page 14)

their official literature. By and large the publications are peripheral, credentialing exercises and certificates of respectability for their peers. Cater quite characteristically insisted that he is not interested in publicity for the programs and that he doesn't want to be compared with public advocates like Ralph Nader. "I do not believe," he said, "that one can move effectively in this no man's land with a blunderbuss. Nor do I believe that articles about the media will by themselves prove a very fruitful way to provoke changes in the media." That statement seems to refute his published appeal for a systematic body of criticism and his call for "more public accounting of the problems of the media . . . more frank discussions and mutual criticism of human error in the managing of news," but it does make it possible to stay out of the political struggle. The real action, if there is any, is informal and off the record. Cater, said Lloyd Morrisett, the president of the Markle Foundation and AIPOCS's chief backer, "brings diverse organizations together and gets them to talk to each other." This is what Aspen and all that money are for.

It is only an unstated ambition, of course, and probably impossible to realize. Even the Council on Foreign Relations, perhaps the ultimate institution of the old establishment, has suffered a serious decline in influences. Yet everything fits: substance, style, participants. Aspen is infested with CFR people and relationships, and it would be surprising if the style hadn't rubbed off. In some instances, that means concern with issues which may appear inconsequential at the moment but which may have serious long-term implications. (Very few Americans were interested in Germany in 1933; very few are interested in communications satellites now.) But AIPOCS also serves as a sort of

pre-emptive institution, a way for safe, judicious people to take the high ground and restrain the populists. (Establishments have, in any case, always been more effective in channeling, resisting or moderating change than they have been in initiating it.)

While AIPOCS gets its grants from the foundations, community cable groups and public media organizations operate on starvation budgets. In San Francisco, the Public Media Center has, among other things, produced and placed advertising opposing the construction of nuclear power plants on hundreds of local radio and television stations, and has run an extensive campaign for Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers. But Public Media cannot get a major foundation grant. Ford, Markle and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the prime AIPOCS backers, have all turned Public Media down. In New York an organization called Open Channel, which has tried to provide cable access to community groups (and which has received some Markle support) is so short of funds that its director is talking about "packing it in." Markle has helped support one or two media access organizations and recently granted \$60,000 to the Fund for Investigative Journalism. But the bulk of the cash goes for studies, conferences and the manufacture of jargon. When the activists apply there is no money: they are too political, there are tax problems, they are not well enough established. With such groups, said Markle President Morrisett, there is often a problem of "continuity."

The issue is not "studies" but what kind. Three years of AIPOCS generates the powerful suspicion that its thought leads not to action but to boredom. Does the world really need a 167-page hard-cover book on TV violence and the

child—which concludes that "above all, we need to develop new social institutions for establishing the vital linkages between research and public policy, between policy and action"? Does it need conferences which "affirm . . . the importance of bringing humanities and arts programming to all cable subscribers, independent of pay cable developments"? Does it need declarations that "government must recognize its affirmative obligation to make information available"? There is ample justification for serious research in the media—for "mutual criticism," as Cater said, "of human error in managing the news," for investigations of the effects of bias, pressure or mythology in TV programming, for case studies of FCC decisions and policies, for analysis of media and press management by government agencies—and to have it done by tough-minded individual investigators, not through attempts to reach consensus in conferences on mountaintops.

To date, most of the published "research" is a sedative: what really seems to be happening on those geographic and metaphorical mountaintops is mystification and the arrogation by semi-official elites and their hired "experts" of matters which they themselves insist should be everyone's concern. The mission is to bring those matters to the rarefied altitudes where they can safely be tamed. "One must be reflective," says the Aspen blurb, "in order to insure that all human activity—political, scientific, economic, intellectual and artistic—will serve the needs of human beings and enrich their lives." What they are doing may all be for the best, but how will the rest of us ever know? You can't trust anybody who talks like they do. ■

What Sort of People Read The Realist?

In the summer of 1958, the first contemporary 'underground' magazine was born. *The Realist*, which accepted no advertising, was subsidized by its editor, Paul Krassner. Ten years later, after he helped organize the Yippies, Krassner was included on a White House enemy list, and his outside sources of income dwindled down.

Now he is busy working on the screenplay of a pornographic film for senior citizens, called *Gum Job*, and preparing to celebrate the 17th Anniversary of *The Realist* with a special issue, which will include the following features:

- Thomas Eagleton Seagull, a *Playboy*-prize-winning satire.
- An Impolite Interview with Baba Ram Dass.
- A Debate with Rennie Davis.
- A Friendly Conversation with Patty Hearst—with a subsequent visit by a pair of FBI agents.
- Why Was Tim Leary Kidnapped?—plus a couple of unpublished manuscripts by Leary and excerpts from his Grand Jury testimony.
- Behind the Plot to Kill George Wallace.
- The Holy Mugger—a brilliant 3-page comic strip by Dan O'Neill.
- Mae Brussell on the forgotten scapegoat in the Ellsberg break-in.
- An expose of Erhard Seminars Training.



- The Great Closet Queen Conspiracy.
- Madalyn Murray O'Hair on the Attempt to Christianize America.
- The Parts Left Out of *The Exorcist*.

•Was Lenny Bruce Actually Murdered?

Recently the Feminist Party Media Workshop Award was presented "to Paul Krassner, publisher of *The Realist*—the longevity of which is a tribute to survival in a militaristic, genocidal, corrupt, police state society. And with special recognition of his wit, humor and irreverence."

If you subscribe now, we'll send immediately as a free bonus the August 1972 issue of *The Realist*—already a collector's item—containing Mae Brussell's article, "Why Was Martha Mitchell Kidnapped?" This was the original revelation about Watergate—with documentation on the roles of John Mitchell, L. Patrick Gray, Richard Nixon and others—while the overground press began perpetuating the nine-month myth that it was merely a "caper" and a "third-rate burglary."

The Realist, Dept. M.
595 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10012

Enclosed please find:

- ☐ \$3 for a 6-issue subscription to *The Realist*
- ☐ \$5 for a 12-issue subscription to *The Realist*

I understand that I will receive the August 1972 issue as a free bonus immediately.

Name _____ Apt. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

- ☐ \$1 is also enclosed for the Disneyland Memorial Orgy poster.

☐ \$7 is also enclosed for a copy of Paul Krassner's book, *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*.

LETTERS

(continued from page 3)

applied to all the trivia and, well, garbage the media go out of their way to report: skiing trips by the President, gifts from the President to his wife, what the Senator's son is doing, a camping trip by a Congressman, etc. One question is, should we report the escapades? Another is, why do we continue to report the trivia which has no relevance to public responsibility? It seems to me the issue of what stuff is pure pap and unworthy of news space is a lot easier to decide. But if the editors don't have the intelligence to cut out the garbage how can we expect them to be smart enough to go after difficult news stories?

—Herb Strentz
Associate Professor of Journalism
The University of North Dakota
Grand Forks, N.D.

It appears to me that you had one glaring omission in your article on whether a legislator's sex life is pertinent to a news story. At a time that substantial amounts of legislation affecting the status and legal rights of women are being debated, a legislator's treatment of women in his personal life is not only germane, but might even constitute a conflict of interest. A man who exploits women (girl friends) and breaks trust with them (wives) is engaging in behavior that his constituents should know about.

—Pamela J. Meyer
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Mo.

Fellowships for Journalists

Alicia Patterson Foundation
1975 Competition

Applications accepted from newspaper, magazine, wire service, & broadcast journalists, editors & freelancers with at least five years' professional journalistic experience. News media staff members must have employers' agreement to a one-yr. leave of absence & must agree to return to their organizations for at least one year.

Winners selected by late December for fellowships to begin during 1976. Fellows examine their chosen subjects—areas or problems of significant interest, foreign or domestic—and write monthly newsletters about them. These are circulated to a wide range of people in the U.S. & abroad, particularly the press, & may be published freely with proper credit.

Fellowships not awarded for the preparation of books.

Deadline for filing completed application: October 10, 1975.

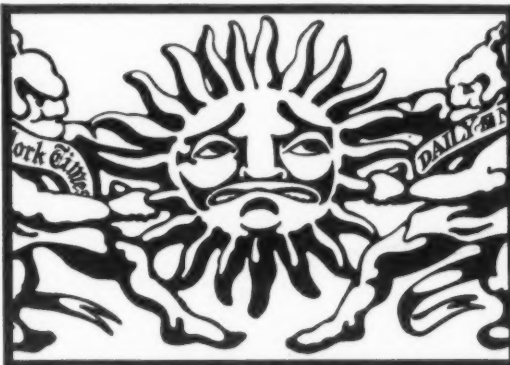
Application forms & information available mid-June:

Alicia Patterson Foundation
535 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10017

"Somebody Cares!"

The attention paid to the fine print point of times of sunrise and sunset by two-thirds of The Big Apple's newspapers I find highly amusing and highly reassuring. Somebody cares!

In your May 1975 issue your reporter, however, loused up the context of my "laissez-faire" attitude. My calculations for *The Times* are as ac-



curate as they can be made and do not depend on the averages of a universal table. My remarks about variability pertain to the actual sighting of the sun by a citizen. His view depends on local circumstances I cannot take into account, viz., address, height above ground, irregularities of his horizon, etc. For this reason the discrepancies noted between the papers is more amusing than important.

But I suspect calling *Times* science editor Walter Sullivan an "amateur astrologer" is more important than amusing.

—K. L. Franklin
Astronomer
The American Museum
Hayden Planetarium
New York, N.Y.

Family Squabbles

Regarding your May 1975, page 5, "Family Affair" article, you left out a few more relationships.

Your correspondent, John Archibald, is a full-time employee of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* which shares common ownership with KPLR's competitor, KSD-TV. Harriett Woods's husband is also a full-time employee of the same organization.

Mr. Archibald's treatment of this whole matter has for the first time in my career made me wonder if the FCC is not correct in not permitting ownership of a newspaper and a television station in the same market.

Harriett Woods could not separate her personal political career from station responsibilities. When asked to speak for ten minutes on KPLR-TV's news philosophy to the local ad club, she instead delivered a pitch on why the City of St. Louis needed a new city charter. She then proved she could not handle herself professionally in public and could not articulate a position of station management as opposed to her own personal position. I believe Mr. Archibald was present at this session as was the rest of the St. Louis advertising community. Harriett Woods was also a political appointee of the State of Missouri. I do not believe that involvement in politics per se is a reason for terminating a news or public affairs person, but in Harriett Woods's case it became evident that she could not exercise professional unbiased judgment at the station.

Last, Harriett Woods could not relate to a group of hard-working department heads who were committed to raising KPLR's audience share and

controlling expenses. She had intense arguments with the art director, assistant art director, traffic manager, news assistant, production manager, chief engineer and film manager.

This team of people, plus our new program manager, Ted Koplar, have succeeded in increasing our audience share from an 8 in November ARB to an 11 in the January and February/March ARB's. During the same period of time the quality of the station's graphics, engineering, and editing have substantially increased while we have also reduced the commercialization. In fact, even our competitors will acknowledge that KPLR-TV is experiencing a very rapid and very intense turnaround. The turnaround is due to a team effort and unfortunately, Harriett Woods is incapable of participating in a team effort.

I think it unfortunate that a station is forced to take apart the poor job performance of a former employee as I am forced to do with Harriett Woods. Unfortunately, though, publications such as your own find that publishing a critical article is far more sensational than publishing an unbiased and independently researched article.

In fairness to Nancy Scanlon Koplar and Gail Brekke, I ask that they be judged by the work they do at KPLR-TV and not by their family relationships. Both have previous air experience. Both have strong educational backgrounds. Both are willing to work 10 to 12 hours a day when necessary. Both relate well to the new team of people at KPLR-TV. Both understand the fundamentals of keeping accurate records as part of a license security program. Both understand how to motivate and improve the performance of the employees assigned to them. And, both understand management by objective.

—Harold E. Protter
Vice President
General Manager
KPLR-TV
St. Louis, Mo.

Sis Boom Bah!

I'd like to add a postscript to your April Hellbox piece, "Say It Ain't So, Walter," about local efforts to blame network anchormen for causing the recession.

Weeks before those newspaper ads appeared featuring Cronkite, Chancellor and Reasoner as the "culprits," the three anchormen speculated on the issue when they taped PBS's "Behind the Lines" program (aired Dec. 12, 1974).

At that time, Cronkite predicted quite accurately that before long, "you're going to see the first blast . . . on the three of us sitting here primarily as the causes for the recession. That if we hadn't talked of it so much, if we hadn't constantly given all that bad news and played up the fact that people were losing their jobs and that prices were up or down or whatever was happening to it, it never would have happened."

But Chancellor, it should be noted, disputed Cronkite's prophecy, claiming, "I think that because of Watergate and because of Nixon, Agnew, the willingness of a lot of people to say 'Gee, those guys on TV have done us in again' has been greatly diminished. I would challenge you on that, Walter. I don't think that people are going to start saying that the media invented the recession. . . ."

—Robert Feder
President
The Walter Cronkite Fan Club
Skokie, Ill.

FURTHER MORE

(continued from page 31)

the most celebrated in the long family line of Cholly Knickerbockers, was alive then, but his column, like Miss Parsons', ran in the *American*. When that paper folded, Cholly moved to the *Journal-American*, and Mme. Flutterbye and Billy had to go. The present Cholly covers a lot more ground than Mme. Flutterbye and Billy Benedick ever did in tandem. He sometimes gets more movie names into his column than Miss Parsons gets into hers, and he is also an authority on foreign and domestic politics, as well as an expert in the *roman à clef*, of which the following is a typical specimen:

The open secret in the Surf and Bath Club set in Miami Beach concerns the wife of an important Detroit executive who had a boy friend she was keeping in style. Even bought him clothes, etc. But recently they had a spat and he turned up at a big charity party in Miami with a cute blonde. This enraged Madame to such a point that next day she went and got all the clothes she gave him—even went to the dry cleaners and got his suits out of there—and scissored them into little pieces. The topper is that the boy friend notified his insurance company, and now they are trying to get back the money for the clothes from her! And she'll have to pay the thousand-odd bucks rather than have her husband find out about it!

In international affairs, Igor-Cholly is a staunch royalist:

One story that has been circulating in the fashionable drawing rooms of Europe and is now being repeated here is that young King Baudoin of Belgium is madly in love with his beautiful stepmother, the Princess de Rethy. That is a vicious and false story spread by the Belgian Socialists, those dear cousins of the Communists, who would like to overthrow the Monarchy. True, King Baudoin is a very badly advised young man . . . The young king . . . is profoundly attached to his stepmother, but it's a son's devotion, not that of a man in love. The Princess de Rethy is one of the most maligned women in Europe. She has been a wonderful wife and companion to Leopold and her influence over King Baudoin is anything but "sinister," as her enemies in Belgium describe it.

On the question of morals, Cholly is a fearless fellow, taking a bold stand on the controversial issues of the day:

I'm not a Mickey Jelke fan, but I was on his side when I read an interview with Pat Ward, the call-girl who sent him to prison, in which Miss Ward states that she thinks the judge was very lenient in sentencing Mickey from 3-to-6 years in the penitentiary. What gall that call-girl has! By all standards she should be in jail with Jelke.

Mme. Flutterbye and Billy Benedick were not the only propagandists for the stiff upper lip during the days when the banks were closed and

money was scarce unless you could find King Kong's Beauty. Dorothy Kilgallen, fresh back from Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration—it took place on Saturday, March 4th, when the banks in forty-seven states had been ordered closed—contributed a column of cheer to the *Journal* of March 7th. The head over Miss Kilgallen's story read

HYSTERIA GONE, WIVES WAITING SCRIP INCOME

(The scrip referred to was a kind of ersatz money that was being printed under the auspices of the New York Clearing House Association. It was to be circulated in case the real stuff remained a long time in official protective custody.) "Not since World War days, when they knitted socks, rolled bandages, ate brown bread, and economized on sugar, have the women of America so enjoyed themselves as during the present 'bank holiday,' "

Miss Kilgallen reported. In Washington, her assignment had been to tail Frances Perkins, who had been named by Mr. Roosevelt to be his Secretary of Labor—the first woman Cabinet member in the history of the United States. Miss Kilgallen gave Miss Perkins a standard treatment reserved for Hollywood starlets—No. 3-A, Just a Homebody.

MISS PERKINS PACKS SIMPLE GOWN FOR INAUGURAL BALL

was the headline over another Kilgallen dispatch.

At the Eisenhower inauguration, Miss Kilgallen covered Mrs. Eisenhower with unaging enthusiasm. "America's sweetheart" is a corny phrase," she wrote, in one of her more moderate raptures, "but Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, standing on the threshold of the White House, rates it more completely than any woman since Mary Pickford had long curls."

—A.J. LIEBLING

Nothing Succeeds . . .

(continued from page 20)

eventually the same tactic could be used against him. But in suspending publication, the *Press* could also have been depressing its profit picture in anticipation of a request for antitrust exemption. For any reason other than maximizing short-run profits, the *Press* did the smart thing by shutting down.

The double-flag editions may have started Clevelanders thinking, because on Jan. 31, the *Press* felt compelled to print an extraordinary editorial on its relations with the *Plain Dealer*. Boardman and business manager Robert Hartmann began by denying what no one had charged—that the *Press* was about to fold or be purchased by Newhouse. After detailing the modernization of equipment at the *Press* in the past three years, they addressed the subject of joint operation:

The rumor that The *Press* is about to be "swallowed up" by its morning competitor apparently revolves around talk of sharing production facilities by two papers, a subject of informal shoptalk here, as in other cities, for decades.

Around-the-clock use of expensive machinery by two or more newspapers, rather than limited use by a single newspaper, makes practical economic sense.

In many cities, newspapers do share production facilities with the purpose of strengthening, rather than diminishing, editorial competition, since a larger share of revenues can be devoted to the news product.

This approach has been so common for so long that when The *Press* was planning its modern new plant at E. Ninth and Lakeside the requirements of joint publication were routinely incorporated into the design.

Thus, if there should be joint operation in Cleveland, The *Press*, with its modern building, central downtown location, inplant newsprint storage capacity, easy access to freeways, and modern equipment would be quite capable of printing two newspapers. And neither would be "swallowed up" in the process.

Swallowed up or not, joint operation in Cleveland is not likely to go down so smoothly as in

Anchorage. The Newspaper Guild, which took no position in Anchorage, might oppose the exemption because reporters could lose their jobs; and both the National Newspaper Association and Suburban Newspapers of America, according to NNA counsel Bill Mullen, might oppose it because of the potential loss of advertising revenue by their members to a new Cleveland monopoly.

Whatever happens in Cleveland, it is long past time for the courts and Congress to seriously ponder the question: why shouldn't a newspaper be allowed to fail? Maybe something better—even two somethings better—will take its place. Or merely something different. The government doesn't rescue struggling weeklies or small political journals or newsletters, and it certainly wouldn't bail out a feisty outlet like New York's Pacifica-operated WBAI, which could qualify hands down under a Failing Radio Station Act. But then, they don't have the clout wielded by the barons of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Back in 1970, Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson was the only senator from a state with a joint production operation to vote against the Newspaper Preservation Act.

Given the power of the newspaper lobby, it is unlikely that Congress will ever reverse itself and break up the monopolies that now stifle all newspaper competition in 23 cities. And even if the judge in San Francisco should rule against the combine there, the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* are sure to mount a well-heeled appeal that could drag on through the courts for months or even years. So, for the time being at least, the Justice Department alone stands between the public and the newspaper establishment's enthusiasm for additional monopolies. The department's performance in Anchorage gives scant evidence that the public is being served. ■

ONE WHALE GETS IT EVERY 14 MINUTES

This little streamlined beauty is a Minke whale. It has never been studied alive. Twenty years ago the whalers ignored this whale in favor of the more profitable giant blue whale.

But today the great blues have all but disappeared so the whalers, under Japanese and Russian flags, are harvesting smaller prey. Goodbye Minke whale.



International Whaling Commission approved kill catches for 74-75

Rorqual whales	14,300
Sperm whales	23,000
Total this year	37,300
or	3,108 a month
or	717 a week
or	102 a day
or	one every 14 minutes

GENERAL WHALE

9616 MacArthur Blvd. Dept. AD Oakland, CA 94605
send for membership brochure

THE BIG APPLE

DAILY NEWS

WHD

WCBS NEWSRAD 88

NEW YORKER

7

News Buffs

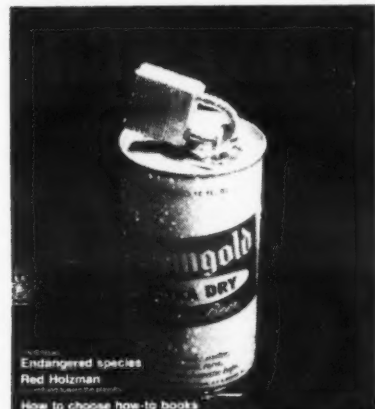
The North Jersey Press Association may hold an upcoming meeting at a nudist colony. A nudist camp in south Jersey has offered the association a freebie luncheon and press conference, provided reporters take off their clothing and at least 40 per cent of them be women. A decision by the 125-member press club is expected this month. "Most of the guys think it's a pretty damn good idea," says NJPA president Tim Benford. "Most of our wives, however, think it's a stupid idea."

Proponents of the nudist junket are likely to find opposition from a group of reform-minded younger members who want to pay their own way. Also to be heard from are the NJPA's dozen new women members. The 48-year-old social organization excluded women until last January when initiation ceremonies featured a symbolic bra-melting, with the acrylic material refusing to burn. Says one woman member of the junket, "I couldn't imagine any group of men I'd rather not be with under those circumstances."

—MICHAEL ANTONOFF

Tempest in A Beer Can?

Although New York once boasted dozens of locally produced beers, only Schaefer and Rheingold remain. And according to a cover story in the March 16 *News Sunday Magazine*, the status of Rheingold's



Brooklyn brewery is "unsure." The brewery was closed by Pepsico in 1974, then reopened soon after by Chock Full o' Nuts. The article, by *News* reporter Mark Liff, focused on the job insecurity felt by many of the

plant's workers. On the magazine's cover was a picture of a Rheingold beer can, with a padlock attached to the flip top.

The magazine is printed three weeks before it appears in the Sunday paper, and an advance copy was obtained by Rheingold management. The cover photograph jolted them; the company contacted the *News*. Soon after, a meeting took place in executive editor Mike O'Neill's office; those present were O'Neill, a Chock Full o' Nuts representative, features editor Sheward Hagerty, and *Magazine* editor Richard Lemon. The *News*men were told that Chock had shown the magazine cover to various people on the street and asked what the picture symbolized. Most persons reportedly said it indicated the Rheingold brewery had shut down. According to Lemon, however, the surveyors had blocked out the cover line, which read "Local brews: Endangered species," suggesting to him that it was "not a fair test." Lemon feels the cover line, as well as the article, explained the situation accurately, and that the brewery people "were unduly concerned about it. It was a tempest in a beer can."

If Rheingold had any hopes of averting distribution of the magazine, they were soon persuaded that with three million copies already printed this would be somewhat impractical. Instead, O'Neill said the *News* would eliminate any public confusion by running an advance story about the brewery's first anniversary celebration scheduled for March 20. It was O'Neill's "own personal feeling that the cover could be misleading to some people. Any place we make an error or are not clear, it's our responsibility to clarify it," he says.

Reporter Liff was assigned to do the advance piece, and was told that William Black, board chairman of Chock Full o' Nuts, would like to see him. Liff spent over an hour interviewing Black for the story. Black's attorney was also present. The brief article described the upcoming festivities, and noted that over \$4 million had been spent to modernize the plant. The advance ran on page five of the city edition on March 16—the same day the magazine story ap-

The Best Policy

Cue magazine, which provides weekly listings of New York restaurants and events, is known for its upbeat cultural and culinary reviews. On the eve of the magazine's 40th anniversary, *Cue* founder and president Mort Glankoff responded to suggestions that the magazine soft-pedals its criticism. "We'd be foolish to attack people who are good advertisers," Glankoff said. "I guess you could say we're 75 per cent honest, which isn't bad."

Below the Belt

On Saturday April 26, ex-heavyweight champ George Foreman was pitted against five second-rate boxers in a bout televised live on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. Foreman was paid \$200,000 for the afternoon, while such' almost-greats as Terry Daniels, Boone Kirkman, Alonzo Johnson, Charley Polite and Jerry Judge shared \$50,000. The event was produced by Roone Arledge, president of ABC Sports.



ABC Sport's Roone Arledge

On April 25, WABC-TV sportscaster Dan Lovett assessed the upcoming match on the 6 P.M. *Eyewitness News*. "The consensus is the five couldn't beat Foreman with a stick," said Lovett. "Foreman has . . . lost his crown to Muhammad Ali and now believes taking on five alleged fighters in one day will get him a crack at a rematch with Ali." Lovett also mentioned that the five had been labeled "the stiffes," "the dominoes," and "the round-heeled heavies."

Before Lovett had closed his sports segment by calling the bout "the freaky fight show," Arledge was on the phone to the control room demanding to speak to him. Arledge was outraged by the broadcast and reportedly wanted Lovett to "recast" his comments. Lovett, who does not plan to renew his contract when it comes up this summer, felt a revision would mean doing a promotion for a non-event. Lovett refused to return Arledge's call.

Arledge evidently made several other calls to ABC executives, and by whatever route, his feelings became known to Kenneth McQueen, vice president and general manager of WABC-TV, and Phil Nye, news director of the station. Nye asked Lovett to play it straight on the 11 P.M. report. Lovett finally agreed, and revised his copy for the late newscast.

"Muhammed Ali often talked about it, now George Foreman does it," Lovett accordingly told the late news audience. "For the first time in boxing history, a former heavyweight champ takes on five fighters all in one day. Foreman faces 'the five' in Toronto tomorrow. You'll see the action here on Channel 7 at 4:30."

Foreman won the fight, but Arledge won the battle.

peared. "It was logical to run it in the Sunday paper," says O'Neill, "so if there was some confusion in the public's mind regarding the picture, there was some evidence in the same paper that the brewery was still alive." Further evidence included a full-page Rheingold ad on page seven of the March 16 issue.

—CLAUDIA COHEN

Blacklisted?

On assignment from *The New York Times* Sunday Arts and Leisure Section, freelance financial writer Chris Welles recently wrote a piece on the growing corporate influence in funding public television. On April 23, Welles was told that William Honan, the section's editor, liked the piece so much that he planned to make it the lead article on Sunday, May 4. But on April 25, just as the section was about to close, the piece was killed by Max Frankel, editor of the *Sunday Times*.

"He didn't tell me why," Honan told Welles. "This is his prerogative—which he rarely exercises—and he just lowered the boom on my head.

All I can say is that I'm terribly sorry and we're going to pay you the full rate [\$250]." According to Welles, when he called Frankel for an explanation the following conversation ensued:

Frankel: I'm very sorry about this, but I just can't tell you [why I killed the piece].

Welles: Don't you think you owe me an explanation?

Frankel: I realize this isn't a very satisfactory way to conduct human relationships, but this is the way it has to be. That's all I can say about it.

Welles: Does this mean that I am not supposed to write any more pieces for the *Sunday Times*? What happens if I'm assigned another piece?

Frankel: I would hope that they would check with me on any stories that they would assign.

Welles: Is there anyone else I can call to get some idea about what is going on?

Frankel: No, there isn't. I'm afraid the buck stops here.

Frankel confirmed to [MORE] the

NEW YORK

11

1010 WINS

New York Post

9

Amsterdam News

WNBC-TV 4

VOICE

WNEW-TV 5

VARIETY

13

The New York Times

02

THE BIG APPLE

DAILY NEWS

WVU

WCBS NEWSRAD 88

THE NEW YORKER

7

New York

11

1010 WINS

New York Post

9

Amsterdam News

WNBC-TV 4

gist of his exchange with Welles and reiterated that he was unwilling to disclose why he had spiked the story. Did it have anything to do with the quality of the piece? "That falls within the category of what I don't want to talk about," he said. The perplexed Honan told [MORE] the episode "was unique in my experience. It was a very good piece. I hope in time Frankel will give me an explanation."

One possibility is that *The Times* was nervous about offending corporate heavies like Mobil who not only underwrite a lot of public television but advertise in *The Times*, too. But on examination that hardly seems a plausible reason. For one thing, Welles's article, though implicitly critical of public television's increasing dependence on corporate handouts, is basically an even-handed account of public television's money woes. For another, *Times* television critic John O'Connor has raised the same alarms in the Arts & Leisure Section.

A more likely explanation is that Welles is on someone's blacklist at *The Times* (though Honan says Frankel denies this). Welles has been critical of *The Times's* financial pages in [MORE] ("Soft Times On Wall Street"—December 1971) and

of *The Times* management in *New York* ("Hard Times at *The New York Times*"—Jan. 17, 1972). Not long after the *New York* article came out, Arthur Hettick, editor of *Family Circle*, received a note from a top *Times* executive piqued to discover that Welles was also doing some writing for *Family Circle*, a *Times* subsidiary.

In November, the *Sunday Magazine* asked Welles to do a major piece on why the price of sugar had quadrupled in 1974. According to Welles, Gerald Walker, a sub-editor at the magazine, said the piece was well-received all around. But after Welles made some requested additions and revisions, Frankel killed the piece. Welles was paid \$1,500 for his labor but given no clear explanation.

"The next day," recalls Welles, "I called Bob Wool, another *Magazine* sub-editor, about an assignment he had given me before the sugar story to do a piece on the advertising business. I asked Wool if he now wanted me to go ahead. He said he would check. Shortly afterward he called me back to say the editors had killed the assignment. He said he didn't know why. 'The whole thing,' he added, 'was rather strange.'"

—R.P.

Dear Prince

At a recent meeting, the editors of *The New York Times Magazine* decided to ask Harrison Salisbury if he were available to go to Hanoi to write a piece on victorious North Vietnam. Salisbury, who is technically retired but maintains an office in the *Times* building, said he was awash in writing and lecturing commitments but found the assignment too tantalizing to refuse. And he asked that cables be sent immediately seeking visas.

But before moving so quickly, Sunday editor Max Frankel wanted to make sure the Salisbury assignment didn't conflict with any plans of managing editor A.M. Rosenthal to try and get *Times* reporters into



Harrison Salisbury in Hanoi in 1966

the North for the daily paper. However, Salisbury sent a cable of his own to Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk in Peking. It not only requested a visa but apparently congratulated the Prince on his victory.

The cable was never sent. Once delivered to the third floor communications room, it set off such a buzz that it wound up in the hands of Rosenthal. Furious, he took it to publisher Arthur O. Sulzberger, who sent a letter of reprimand to Salisbury.

The *Sunday Magazine* is still looking for a piece from North Vietnam, but Salisbury is off the case.

—R.P.

The American System: Alive and Thriving at Time Inc.

In April, *Fortune* published a special Bicentennial issue devoted to "The American System." One of the issue's major pieces, "The New Concerns About the Press," was written by Paul Weaver with research assistance from William Marling. But both men took their names off the piece following significant editorial revisions.

The *Fortune* article says that in the last 15 years the press has begun to provide more analysis and interpretation, "more coverage of public affairs and social problems," and less focus "on events and institutions." This new "intellectual outlook," the piece maintains, "has created problems—for the press itself and, it would appear, for the American System." One problem cited is "the intense feeling among executives, in business and government, about what they see as its [the press's] systematic distrust of all established institutions." The piece concludes that the press should restore the System's balance "by simply reporting what happened—the one thing it can do with a precision and expertise all its own."

Weaver's article was not unusual in that it went through at least three rewrites. Though Weaver's ideas



Time Inc.'s Hedley Donovan

about the press in 1975 were by no means completely favorable, the published version lacks the central idea of his first draft: that many of these substantial changes in news coverage were the result of criticism of journalism by journalists. And in the printed article, *Time* is given favored treatment which Weaver did not originally accord it. *Time*, like *Fortune*, is owned by Time Inc.

In his first draft, Weaver wrote that critics within the press "were arguing that newspapers should start using some of the journalistic forms pioneered by *The Wall Street Journal* and *Time*." In the printed

article, it is *Time* alone—"and, later, *Newsweek*"—which is the innovator. (*Time's* prominence is further stressed twice in the final product: it is called one of the few publications with "significant national audiences" 15 years ago, and a model of analytical journalism "as far back as the 1920s.")

Weaver, in his first draft, described the journalists he found responsible for many innovations in the press. "Between 1961 and 1967," Weaver wrote, "a new generation of journalists, most of them in their early forties and all of them more or less committed to this critical perspective, assumed control of five strategically located news organizations." The new generation included *Newsweek's* Osborn Elliott, *The Los Angeles Times's* Otis Chandler, *The New York Times's* Harrison Salisbury and A.M. Rosenthal, *The Washington Post's* Benjamin Bradlee, and Time Inc.'s Hedley Donovan. Weaver notes that many names on this list are friends, and adds an observation from Richard Clurman, *Time's* former chief of correspondents: "They have similar temperaments, they eat with one another and talk to one another, and they entertain each other in their homes."

Weaver's new generation passage and Clurman's quote do not appear in the *Fortune* article.

Another major revision deals with the much-alleged liberal bias of the media. Weaver himself concludes that the media does not reflect one particular ideology. But he originally quoted Katharine Graham of *The Washington Post*, Howard K. Smith of ABC, and Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times* as believing news organizations do have a liberal bias. "Even *Time*," added Kermit Lansner, formerly of *Newsweek*.

None of this appears in print. Instead, suggestions of a liberal bias are downplayed. "The national press is not consistently liberal," says the *Fortune* article. "*The New York Times* is more liberal than *The Los Angeles Times* (or than *Time*)."

Sources close to the situation indicate that Hedley Donovan, editor in chief of all the Time Inc. publications, was responsible for most of the changes. However, Donovan declined to discuss the article. *Fortune* managing editor Robert Lubar, executive editor Daniel Seligman (the story editor involved), Weaver and Marling also refused comment on the editing of the piece.

—ANN MARIE CUNNINGHAM

VOICE

WNEW-TV 5

VARIETY

13

The New York Times

02

CLASSIFIEDS

JOBS OFFERED

EASTERN GOVERNMENTAL AGENCY PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER must have minimum five years experience news, public relations, governmental communications, and administration. Supervise staff of 20. Salary \$30,000. Please reply with resume to Box 70, (MORE). (46)

\$200.00 WEEKLY possible stuffing envelopes. Rush self-addressed, stamped envelope to K. M. Jorgensen, Dept. T.M., P.O. Box 2948, Castro Valley, CA 94546. (47)

WANTED two reporters, versatile, and entertainment editor, low salary. August start. Send (only) resume: Editor, Valley Advocate, Suite 808, 57 Pratt St., Hartford, CT 06103. (47)

ADVOCATE

The ADVOCATE, a national bi-weekly newsprint magazine, needs journalists covering news of gay people today.

News and features: length 150 to 1500 words. Pay: \$10 to \$100 on publication.

Query: Sasha Gregory-Lewis, news editor, 2121 S. El Camino Real, San Mateo, CA 94403.

JOBS WANTED

SCIENCE WRITER seeks newspaper beat. Now on scientific magazine in N.Y.C. after 3 years general newspaper work (2½ on metro daily). Reply Box 71. (46)

EDITOR with 24 years in newspapers and mass magazines wants more, in either. Reply Box 72. (46)

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT available for freelance radio documentaries and reporting. Steve C. Anderson, 1 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. (46)

NEWSWOMAN: experienced investigative reporter/field producer who is young, assertive, and dedicated. Looking for challenging TV assignment. (617) 254-8134 after 2 pm EDT, Pamela Kahn. (47)

AGGRESSIVE REPORTER, knows politics, government, education, computers. 5 years on 100,000 daily, looking for quality newspaper, magazine. John Felton, 909 Cosler Dr., Dayton, OH 45403. (46)

SEASONED JOURNALIST-BOOK-AUTHOR seeks assignments. Subjects: Education, medicine, industry, science, careers, travel. Curtis Casewit, Box 19039, Denver, CO 80219. (46)

OVERSEAS CORRESPONDENT now stationed London for feature agency will take other assignments in Europe, 15 years experience. Steiner, 35 Cross St., London, N1 (46)

JOBS WANTED

FREELANCE WRITER seeks additional accounts; articles, stories, PR, ghost-writing, re-writing. Linda Nanfria, 3201 Washington St., San Francisco, CA 94115. (46)

AWARD WINNING EDUCATION SPECIALIST seeks spot with New Jersey, New York Daily. Reply Box 73. (46)

UPSTART ENGLISH MAJOR (21) seeks escape from New Haven ivy; Chicago journalism experience, video, magazine. Archeological & international. Intern or indentured. Ernest Tucker, 672 Elm St., New Haven, CT 06511. (46)

FORMER LIT. MAG. EDITOR-COLUMNIST seeks freelance or work with weekly paper — Boston, So. Mass. area. Russel du Pont, 41 Star St., Whitman, MA 02382. (46)

BORED! Seek demanding daily challenge as news researcher New York area, any medium. Ten years research and reference experience. M. Caulfield, 64 Queets Dr., Olympia, WA 98503 (46)

NETWORK TV COMEDY WRITER will fill any needs you have for quality humor writer in any area of national communications. Freelance or fulltime. Reply Box 74. (46)

MAJOR MARKET RADIO NEWS DIRECTOR, 31, 15-year veteran with strong urban problems background, desires position with gung-ho staff; preferably northern California. Reply Box 75. (46)

D.J./NEWSCASTER — 25 years old. First Class License. 7 years experience. Prefer New York State. Joe Switzer, Box 58, Flushing, N.Y. 11379. (46)

JOURNALISM GRAD seeks creative employment; stringer and electronic editing experience; BA history; will relocate. Reply Box 62. (46)

TOP-NOTCH COPY EDITOR. Ex academic. Available for editing and rewriting. Academic mss. also invited. (212) PL 9-2356. (46)

JOURNALIST, 24, seeks Jun-Aug work. New England Coast. M.S. Boston University. B.A. University of Michigan. News writing, broadcasting, film-writing experience. C. Lewis, 315 St. Paul St., Brookline, MA 02146 (46)

INDUSTRIOUS JEWISH STUDENT PERIODICAL EDITOR seeking summer employment for \$ and experience in Big Apple. Production, photographic experience. Arieh Lebowitz, 9028, S.U.N.Y., Binghamton, N.Y. 13901. (46)

M.A. DEGREE (ECONOMICS) with 3 years govt-business experience seeks job in publishing field. M.C. Petrowsky, 707 E. Passyunk Ave., Philadelphia, PA 15147. (46)

EXPERIENCED RADIO NEWS MAN looking for work in New Mexico-Colorado area. Can also produce interesting editorials. John David, Box 11644, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112. (46)

AGGRESSIVE EXPERIENCED COLUMBIA UNDERGRAD seeks summer editorial employment. Contact Ira Breskin, 1247 John Jay, Columbia Un., N.Y., N.Y. 10027. (46)

MEDIUM MARKET NEWS DIRECTOR IN RADIO, seeking radio or TV position. Creative writer and digger. Thom O'Grady (717) 652-4715. (46)

FREELANCE WRITER seeks assignments. Experienced. TV, films, fiction, juveniles, articles, former magazine editor, newspaper columnist. J. Blumenthal, 8440 Sunset Blvd. # 407, L.A., CA 90069. (46)

HARDWORKING JOURNALISM GRAD wants reporting job anywhere in New England, exp in newspaper, magazine, television and radio writing. Paul Briand, 27 Garden Lane, Durham, NH 03824. (46)

JOBS WANTED

WRITER, EDITOR Leaving in July for Philippines, Asia, Australia, seeks freelance assignments of all kinds. Samples and story ideas available. Geoffrey O'Gara, P.O. Box #1, Sierra City, CA 94705. (46)

FILMMAKER — has all equipment of the latest and best would like to team up with an organization in need of such services, or a talented writer, or a musical actress to develop new film ventures — Leo Meister, 321 River Rd., Nutley, N.J. 07110. (46)

SERVICES OFFERED

COPYRIGHT AND RELATED LAWS explained by former Judge listed in Who's Who. Increase prestige, income. Details free: Institute, Box 341-B, Piggot, AR 72454. (47)

WRITER WHY WAIT? PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS! ... and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low cost. TWO FREE BOOKS and literature give details and success stories. Write or call 900 S. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801, (516) 822-5700 or (212) 895-0081. (48)

BOOKS & MAGAZINES

THE COST OF DYING: A consumer's alternative to the \$3000 American funeral. By Raymond Paavo Arvio. \$6.95 at your bookseller or Harper & Row, 10 East 53 Street, NYC 10022. (47)

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., \$1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. MO, 33 West 17th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 (Full year \$12.50, student \$7.50). (46)

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW about national sweepstakes and contests. Informative monthly newsletter. For details write: Newsletter, Box 1059-E, Amelia Island, FL 32034. (46)

AND SO ON . . .

2' ARTIFICIAL MARIJUANA PLANT, \$2.25. Fuck Housework poster, \$1.75. Others. Free catalog. S-T Mailorder. Box 1885, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. (51)

MIDNIGHT TOKERS! send for free color catalog of Outrageous headgear to Rare Treasures, Dept. RE, 30-30 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. (46)

SURVIVAL FOOD—freeze dried, by the case. Descriptive price list 25 cents. Hale Supply Company. (MO-50), McDonald, Ohio 44437. (46)

MOVING ON?

Don't miss an issue. Move [MORE] with you by attaching the mailing label from this issue of [MORE] here:

(old mailing label)

and printing your NEW address here:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: [MORE] Subscription Dept.
PO BOX 576
Ansonia Station
New York, N.Y. 10023

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

RETURN TO:

[MORE]

750 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017

COPY: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

____ Box returns and mail to me. (\$1.00 extra)

Number of issues to run _____

Classified Rates: 50 cents per word, prepaid.

\$2.50 per line (8 lines of type per inch) for display space in the classified section, with camera-ready copy provided.

Classified Discounts: 10% on 3-time order, 20% on 6-time, 30% on 12-time.

Classified Deadline: 1st Friday of the month for publication on the 15th preceding cover date.

FURTHER MORE

King Kong's Beauty

Editor's note: Every year when we hold our spring counter convention (at which this issue of [MORE] is being distributed) young journalists and others ask why we named it after A.J. Liebling. Some even look puzzled and say, "What's a Liebling?" One reason for this ignorance is that so little has been done to promote the collected works of The New Yorker's acerbic press critic since he died in 1963. Happily, that is about to change. In August, Ballantine Books will bring out a new and definitive edition of The Press. Besides a foreword by Liebling's widow, Jean Stafford, the new paperback will contain several pieces never before collected. Among them are four Liebling wrote in 1953 recalling the performance of the New York newspapers as the New Deal got underway in 1933, when he was a reporter on the World-Telegram. Following is an excerpt from the second of that series.

In the first week of March, 1933, when the banks closed in forty-seven states and Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated President, the late William Randolph Hearst's *Evening Journal* offered, to readers only, a magic spell for exorcising the depression. Before voicing this incantation, the would-be magician had to find and recognize, from a photograph published in the *Journal*, a youngish blonde called King Kong's Beauty. (A picture called "King Kong" was opening at both Radio City theatres simultaneously.) "You MUST have a current copy of the *Evening Journal* in your hand when you approach the girl you believe to be King Kong's Beauty," a box on the first page advised persons setting out on the quest. "Do not grab her but simply say: 'You are King Kong's Beauty, for whose capture the Radio City theatres offer a reward of \$100.'"

Each afternoon, the *Journal* carried a picture of King Kong's Beauty, her captor of the previous day, and somebody from the Radio City Music Hall presenting the money to the lucky man or woman. The search for King Kong's Beauty afforded employment to many thousands of people who had no jobs, and at a much cheaper rate than subsequent government schemes of made work. At the same time, it kept them from bothering erstwhile employers, who now had no jobs to give them anyway. Concurrently, it called to the attention of those people who were not yet strapped the fact that a picture entitled "King Kong" was opening at Radio City. Along with the King Kong's Beauty story, the *Journal* regularly carried a half-page or full-page ad for "King Kong," which helped the *Journal* survive the depression itself. Altogether, the King Kong stunt was an example of the enlightened paternalism that has always marked the *Journal's* relations with its public. The paper rounded out its service to its readers by offering the winner a chance to invest his hundred dollars at a high rate of interest—a piece of munificence that was, in fact, available even to readers who hadn't

Reprinted by permission: © 1953. The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

caught King Kong's Beauty. The *Journal* made known this opportunity in a large, friendly house ad showing a hearty, cheerful, white-haired codger, obviously unaffected by the precarious times, and bearing in heavy headline type the legend:

IN THE AUTUMN OF LIFE
FREE FROM ALL WORRIES
I Invested Wisely In Hearst 7%
Shares; You Can Do The Same By
Paying only \$1 Per Share
Monthly

Hearst Consolidated Newspapers, Inc.

By investing in "the greatest publishing enterprise the world has ever known," the ad went on, the old party in the picture had placed himself beyond the baleful influence of the economic cycle. Taken together, the King Kong contest and Hearst Consolidated Newspapers' seven-per-cent preferred stock offered a full program for recovery. A Gimbel's advertisement in the same issue (March 9th) that carried word of the seven-per-cent bonanza reminded the public, "If there was ever a time when it was important to keep up appearances this is it!" and offered men's broadcloth shirts at sixty-nine cents.

I came across these advertisements in the course of looking back in the files to see what the



various members of the New York daily press were up to at the opening of the last political era; I thought it might be interesting to observe what changes twenty years and the opening of a new political era have brought about. I couldn't help reflecting that the old codger in the *Journal* might have appeared a trifle less cheerful if he had known that his stock was destined to pass three successive quarterly dividends in 1938, just when he might be needing some autumnal eating money.

With a few exceptions, such as the stock advertisement, which has been discontinued on the advice of counsel, the *Journal* then was much like the *Journal-American* now. (It assimilated Hearst's morning paper, the *American*, in 1937.) At least, the samples in the files don't produce any shock of nonrecognition, as do many 1933 copies of two of the city's other evening papers, the *World-Telegram* and the *Evening Post*. In those days, the *Post* was undiscourageably Republican, and the *World-Telegram* was scrabbling desperately to hold the liberal readership of the *World* and the *Evening World*, which it had bought out two years earlier. Editorially, it proclaimed the inadequacy of individual enterprise to pull the country out of its slump. Republican foreign policy, William Philip Simms, its expert in that department, declared, "has proved an almost 100% failure." The *Sun*,

"William Randolph Hearst's Evening Journal offered a magic spell for exorcising the depression . . . The search for King Kong's Beauty afforded employment to many thousands who had no jobs."

hardly less Republican than the *Post* in 1933, has now disappeared except for its name, which dangles, in diminished type, below the *World-Telegram's*, like a scalp from an Indian's belt. In 1933, the *Post* and the *Sun*, rather than the *Telegram* and the *Sun*, would have seemed the logical pair for a merger.

My researches also brought to light an illustration of the artistic continuity that links the old *Journal* and today's *Journal-American*. Back in 1933, the *Journal* published an intimate report on Fay Wray, the female star of "King Kong," by Rose Pelswick, who was its motion-picture editor then and has the same job on the combined paper today. Miss Wray, Miss Pelswick disclosed, "uses a different perfume in each picture, insisting she'd be confused in her characterization if she duplicated one." This reminded me of a story I had read not long ago in the *Journal-American*, by Louella Parsons. In 1933, Miss Parsons wrote for the *American*, the *Journal's* morning running mate. (Miss Parsons and Miss Pelswick both write for the *Journal-American* now.) "An electric something which projects the essence of sex appeal makes Marilyn Monroe tops among Hollywood's current glamor queens," Miss Parsons announced in her recent essay. "Why, you may ask, when there are so many more beautiful girls than Marilyn, and certainly more talented ones as actresses? I was at a party a few weeks ago, when Marilyn walked into the room. It was a gay social event and the room was filled with famous Hollywood beauties and great stars. Yet the moment Marilyn entered the scene, all conversation stopped and the eyes of everyone, men and women alike, were riveted on her. She wore a dress that fitted her skin tight, and I might add, it was obvious she wore nothing but her skin under it." The principle of the two stories is the same; both give the Hearst public the inside line on the motion-picture industry—inside Miss Wray's mind and inside Miss Monroe's dress.

Society news written in a dashing manner is another Hearst specialty that has carried over from the *Journal* to the *Journal-American*. In 1933, two *Journal* columnists divided the glory that has now descended upon the single head of Igor Cassini, the current Cholly Knickerbocker. Their pseudonyms were Mme. Flutterbye and Billy Benedick. One of the most moving excerpts I jotted down from the *Journal's* chronicle of those stirring days was Mme. Flutterbye's: "The Wideners are sensible people and they refuse to be stampeded by the closing of the banks." Billy Benedick also contributed many an anecdote of intrepidity, about fellows who borrowed money from the butler so they could take a taxi to the Colony, where they could sign the check—things like that. Benedick, in real life Baron George Wrangel, lost his job, but he has since gained a new pseudonymous vogue as the model for the Man in the Hathaway Shirt. Maury Paul,

(continued on page 27)

Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off!

"[MORE] is required reading not only for the maintenance of our perspective, but for our sanity."

Studs Terkel

"The best journalists in America write for [MORE], and this book represents the best of that talent."

Gay Talese

"I don't always agree with everything in [MORE], but the role it plays in watching the media is crucial. In many ways, it is one of the most important publications in the country."

Dan Rather

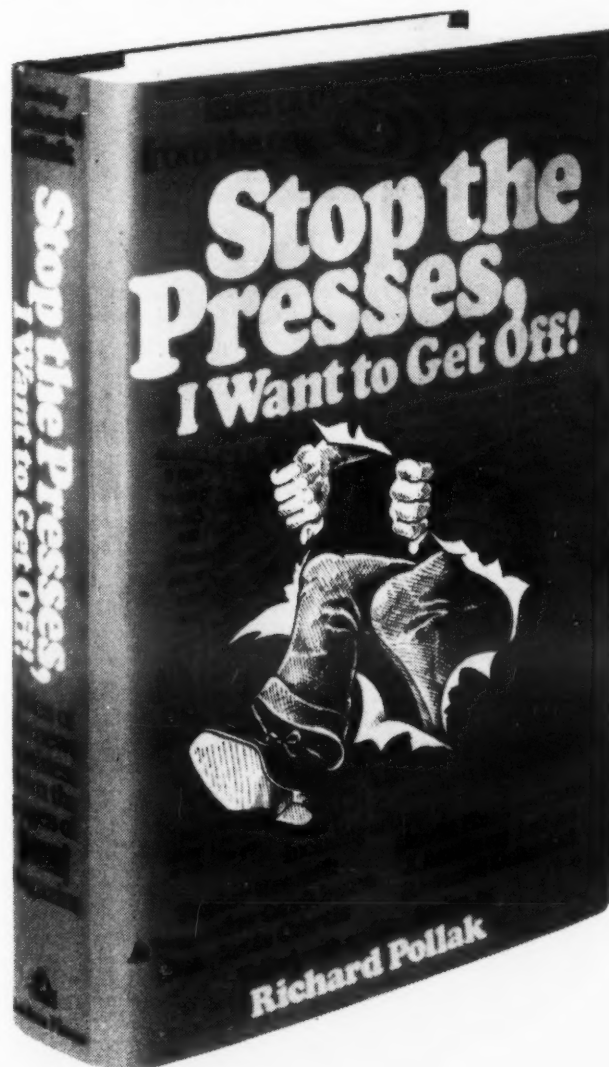
"Journalism itself is the most sacred cow in journalism's barn; and [MORE] is our best eye for observing and our best voice for reminding us how spotted that cow often is."

Murray Kempton

- Taylor Branch on how the press missed Cambodia
- Alexander Cockburn on the proper coverage of disasters
- Charlotte Curtis on Willie Morris at Harper's
- David Halberstam on Neil Sheehan
- J. Anthony Lukas on James Reston
- Richard Schickel on misunderstanding McLuhan

plus 17 other provocative tales of the news business from the pages of [MORE] by David Alpern, Michael Dorman, Kathleen Hendrix, Judith Adler Hennessee, Bob Kuttner, A. Kent MacDougall, John McCormally, Madeline Nelson, "Anderson Price," Joseph Roddy, Peter Schrag, Sanford Ungar and Chris Welles have just been collected by Random House in the first anthology from [MORE], *Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off!*

Scheduled for publication in May at a price of \$8.95, you can order your copies in advance right now and, in an exclusive offer to [MORE] readers, save both \$2 and a trip to the bookstore. To order *Stop the Presses* at the special price of \$6.95, simply fill out and return the coupon below along with your payment. (Please allow four weeks for delivery.)



Mail to [MORE]
750 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Stop!

Please send me _____ copies of
Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off!

I enclose \$ _____ at the special rate
of \$6.95 available only to [MORE] readers.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____